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In Memoriam.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM C. SCHAEFFER, PH.D., D.D.

1851-1921.

The Managing Editors of the REFORMED CHURCH REVIEW desire to express their sincere appreciation of the life and labor of Prof. Wm. C. Schaeffer, whose passing, in April, has deprived our periodical of one of its faithful contributors and associate editors. At the time of his death, he was the Dean of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, in Lancaster, Pa., and the Professor of New Testament Science. He was the Nestor of the faculty, ripe in years and rich in the wisdom that is the fruit of a life spent in labor for God and man.

As the Professor of New Testament Science, he made the biblical record of the life and work of Christ the chief object of his scholarly labor, and he possessed, in rare balance, the devout piety and the technical learning that, together, are requisite to make young men loyal believers in Jesus Christ and faithful and intelligent ministers of His church. Though a man of clear and firm convictions, he remained an open-minded student of the riches of God's grace to the end of his career, ever ready to correct and widen the boundaries of his

knowledge, and humbly convinced that we know in part. Accurate in scholarship and severe in his mental discipline, he made similar demands in his class-room. But, withal, he was patient and painstaking with students who were faithful, and impartially just and gracious to all. And thus for seventeen years he has taught the New Testament to young men and wrought his culture and his character into their Christian manhood.

As the Dean of the Faculty, since 1908, he has stamped the impress of his life indelibly upon our Seminary. Annually he has prepared the catalogue and the schedule of recitations, and has submitted to the Board of Visitors a report of the inner life of our institutions, a chronicle of our joys and sorrows, our failures and our achievements. He was deeply interested in recruiting men for the ministry by correspondence and personal interviews. And he has been the mentor and the monitor of the students, taking an interest, more than professional and official, in their academic standing and in their moral and spiritual welfare.

As a colleague, he was reserved in his intercourse with men. In praise, he was never effusive; in censure, he was moderate; in speech and conduct, he was deliberate and circumspect. We have found him like unto Nathanael, a man, indeed, in whom was no guile. His scholarship has commanded our respect; his faithfulness to every trust has elicited our admiration; but his transparent sincerity and genuineness have won our affection.

As an author, Dr. Schaeffer has made valuable contributions to the literature of the Reformed Church. Besides his voluminous writings for the *Heidelberg Teacher*, the **REFORMED CHURCH REVIEW**, and other periodicals, he published an outline of the Life of Christ, a Catechetical Manual, The Supreme Revelation, and The Greater Task. These books breathe the spirit that marked his life and labors. They combine scholarship with practical sagacity. They contain a profound insight into the nature of true religion, and a noble zeal for its social interpretation and application.

The church has gladly and abundantly recognized Dr. Schaeffer's worth as a man and his varied ability as a worker. It has honored him with responsible positions. In his earlier years, he was the Professor of Latin and Greek at the Kutztown Normal School and the President of Palatinate College at Myerstown. He served important charges at Waynesboro, Danville, Huntington, and Chambersburg. He became the President of the Board of Directors of Hood College and the Vice President of the Board of Home Missions. He was on the editorial staff of the REFORMED CHURCH REVIEW and of the Sunday School Board.

But he reached the zenith of his career when, in 1904, he was elected to the chair of New Testament Science in his alma mater. There he spent the last seventeen years of his fruitful life, in happy and successful labor, loved by his students and cherished by his brethren.

Dr. Schaeffer was looking forward to the end of his active career in the Seminary. Under the constitution, he would have become Professor Emeritus in the fall of this year. And our hope and prayer was that he might spend the lengthening evening of his life in our midst in well-earned rest and repose.

But God had better things in store for him. The last summons came before he had laid aside the tools that he had plied so well and so long. He was stricken in Santee Hall while praying. And he died at his home three days later, on April 16, 1921.

The emblem of such a death is not the shattered vase, whose precious ointment is spilled and wasted, but the ripe sheaf that is garnered in the autumn. Richly Dr. Schaeffer had been blessed of God, in birth and breeding, in body and soul, in his domestic and his professional life, and he has been a blessing unto many. There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.

THEO. F. HERMAN.

I.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS.¹

WILLIAM MANN IRVINE.

An eminent American artist once said to me: "In Nature there are four great elements of beauty—clouds, mountains, water, trees." It is fitting that our memorial to these heroic lads should be chosen from the Kingdom of the Beautiful. Trees are not an accident, but a Divine idea in Creation. Their beauty is created by the same Artist who made the stars, the deep blue sky, and the far-smiling land. In spring the soft grays of the bursting buds; in summer the tender greens and deep shadows; in autumn the yellows and golds and reds—"rainbows springing up out of the ground"; in winter the delicate tracery of twig and branch against the sky—always beautiful is a tree—a beauty so rare that no architect may try to rival it—so charming that James Russell Lowell liked to imagine a tree among his far-ancestors.

A tree has sweet comradeships. Sun and snow and rain and clouds and storm bear greeting to her. She is the sentinel of the dawn, and at eventide her head is crowned with light.

"She looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray."

Here a hundred kinds of birds will sing of love in a world of wonder. Here thousands of these sweet pilgrims will find rest in the long migration. Here man will find shade—"God's Hospitality," as a poet calls it.

¹ An address spoken by Prof. William Mann Irvine, LL.D., Headmaster of Mercersburg Academy, on May 30, 1921, in Fairview Cemetery, Mercersburg, Pa., at the dedication of eight sugar maples in memory of eight boys from Mercersburg and vicinity who died in the Great World War.

"Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend."

But there is a greater beauty here than the beauty of sky and hill and tree. It is the spiritual beauty bequeathed to us by these brave lads of our community and countryside. In them we see the majesty of a great cause, the sense of a compelling duty, the vision of a sacrifice that was divine. Like knights of old, they went forth on a great quest. They held aloft the torch of life and waved it. They added to the spiritual wealth of humanity. They gave us an assurance of immortality. Because they died for others they were conveyed by angels. They proved that love always carries with it the possibility of suffering, that to die is to triumph. In their going they made clear what the Master meant when He said: "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends."

"Valor and strength the thought of them shall give;
Fame on their brows her coronal shall set;
All save their courage will the world forget,—
Among the perishing their souls shall live."

Memorials are various in form. The old Roman in his halls hung portraits of great men to inspire youth. In the highlands of Scotland a cairn of huge, rough boulders was placed over the grave of a chieftain. It is fitting that the memorial to our heroes should be a living thing of beauty.

I believe these hero lads would have loved the memorial which we dedicate today.

"If when I am gone
Thou would'st honor me,
Then plant a tree.
Some highway, bleak and bare,
Make green with leaves.
So radiant and fair
And full of leaves, my monument will be
So ever full of tuneful melody.
My monument will be

A sight most rare—
Trees planted everywhere,
A highway broad from city to the sea,—
Plant this in memory of me.”

(David H. Wright.)

There is a venerable dignity in our memorial; for trees are the oldest forms of life on the earth. All the other forms which were created with them have passed away. Back of these eight young maples stand literally millions and millions of other maples.

By our memorial honor and achievement are represented; for Washington Irving tells us: “Noble trees take range with the lion and the eagle. They assimilate the heroic and the intellectual in man.”

In our memorial there is also a glorious symbolism. Longfellow, in fashioning Hiawatha's canoe, appealed to the trees for help—to the birch for bark to make the body; to the cedar for boughs to fashion the frame; to the tamarack for roots, as cords, to bind the parts together; to the larch for resin to calk the seams. In that same spirit we appeal to these young maples, and say: “Beautiful creatures of the Great Father, as your roots cling to their deep foundations, remind us of the convictions of our heroes; as you face the freezing and the thawing with fortitude, recall to us that life's hardships are part of life's wisdom; when the storm comes, year after year, tell men that these heroes were war-tossed; with your branches reaching toward Heaven make clear that their faith was high and abiding. In beauty and service you speak the language of God; tell, then, the story of our heroes' devotion to an imperishable vision, to the God-like ideal of dying for others.”

This beautiful memorial will ever carry creation's two greatest thoughts—Death and Life. Sorrow has its place in the world. It gives poetry its most ringing notes and music its most thrilling tones. But death is not the end; it is an incident in a great experience. One of our own orators says:

"While civilization is to be measured by its care for human life, the greatness of a man, an age, or a race, is to be measured by indifference to death." We knew these brave lads. They lived among us and were of our number. In dedicating this memorial we testify that they met the Angel of the Veiled Face with heroic hearts and said, as did the martyrs of old: "You may kill us, but you cannot hurt us."

"Your courage high survives,
In each true heart that strives;
Who dies a hero's death retells your story.
Where flags of Freedom wave,
You'll always lead the Brave.
And where you are shall be the home of glory."

MERCERSBURG, PA.

II.

SOME VALUES EDUCATIONAL AND OTHER.¹

F. E. SCHELLING.

Members of Phi Beta Kappa, friends of scholarship and learning, ladies and gentlemen: To speak to such an assemblage as this is always an honor; it is also a responsibility. For it lies in the occasion far more than in the speaker to give sanction to words. Mine is a very peculiar pleasure in addressing the Theta chapter of Phi Beta Kappa here at Franklin and Marshall. My academic training, if I may speak for a moment of myself, came just at the time when American education had begun to realize how much there was to be learned from foreign study. The full tide of that current had not yet set in and accident thrust the responsibilities of the teacher early upon me. Wherefore I was before long one of those who was helping in the process of making doctors of philosophy before I became such myself. It was Franklin and Marshall which first rescued me from this anomalous situation and adopted me, so to speak, giving me the right to bear the adjective, doctus; and while I have been "doctored," if I may put it so, several times since, I feel an especial regard for you who were willing to trust me as to my future almost before I was sure of myself. I only wish that it had been my privilege in these years to know Franklin and Marshall, not merely as an abstraction, standing ever, I am certain, for what is lofty and worth while in education, but concretely in the personalities among you which in the aggregate go to make an institution of learning the power that it is. In speaking to you this evening, I feel it peculiarly incumbent on me to justify, if I can, the trust which you have reposed in me in making me of your number.

¹ The Phi Beta Kappa address spoken on Tuesday, June 7, 1921, at Franklin and Marshall College, by Prof. F. E. Schelling, Litt.D.

When the world has been shaken as it has been by the recent cataclysm of war, when we are struggling in this era of disenchantment, hesitating and doubting, fearing and at a loss as to the next step and whether we dare take it, it seems worth while to attempt an inventory of what we have left, to appraise somewhat its value in this moment of turbulent change, to learn whether there may not be some things, even more precious than our dollars, which may have altered in their purchasing values, if not in that intrinsic worth which we may attach to the gold standard of our mental, our moral and our spiritual possessions.

And before we proceed, let us see to it that we understand each other as to some of those primary conceptions which, employed by us all, like the coin of the realm, we come to take for granted and cease really to know justly how to appraise. The price of a thing is what you pay for it; or, from another angle, what you can contrive to get some misguided or unguided person to pay for something you have to dispose of. Price rarely coincides with value; for value is intrinsic worth and worth in an article may lie in the costliness of its material or in the even higher value which rare workmanship may give it. Think, for example, of the collected works of some great poet, scientist or thinker; their value is not in what you pay for their volumes, but in what they have done for human thought, what they have added to human knowledge and, in that still more difficult thing to evaluate, their power of inspiration. According to an old story, John Milton received from the stationer, Simmons, only five pounds for what to us would be equivalent to the copyright of "Paradise Lost." It was really rather better than that, though it is doubtful if all the money which the poet ever received from his great epic ever came to the purchasing value of \$400 of today. This was the price of an epic; think of Caruso, if you want the price of a song. Better still, think of the price of a Charlie Chaplin. His value is quite another matter. The connoisseur can tell you how

many thousands of dollars he has paid for that splendid canvas of Titian or Correggio; can he estimate to you its value to the world as a product of art? The collector of books can lock up his unique copy of a rare edition of a great author; but is he able to appraise its beauty and the value of its poetry? Plainly this thing which we call "value" is not appraisable in markets or measurable by rule, two foot or other.

Of late the papers have been full of comment concerning a certain series of questions which the great inventor, Mr. Edison, put to candidates seeking employment in the scientific-industrial establishments over which he presides. Mr. Edison's requirements—which he has, of course, a perfect right to make—are specific in character. The kind of education which he needs in his scientific-industrial work is a specific kind of education. His demands are not only, then, largely scientific, but for science in its technical applications. They are, above all things, practical, and his tests are almost wholly tests of a knowledge of facts. "Where is Magdalena Bay?" This is a matter of information. "Explain how the new tungsten filament is superior to a carbon filament in an incandescent lamp." You may or you may not have studied about incandescent lamps. Your knowledge or lack of knowledge as to this particular properly determines whether you are fit to serve in Mr. Edison's scientific-industrial establishment. It does not properly determine whether you are an educated man or not. You may or may not have heard of Magdalena Bay. If you have not, it may be accident or it may be that you are not quite so alert in such matters of geography as some other people. Knowledge of Magdalena Bay is not even a test of general intelligence. And it is not a fair inference that a young man who can not answer questions like these and their like is uneducated. By the same token any specialist in his domain of knowledge can "stump" anybody bred in another. "Who was Norris of Bemerton, and what ancient philosopher affected him?" "At the corner

of what two streets in London do we now know that Shakespeare wrote many of his plays?" "Who was buried in the same grave with Fletcher?" There are questions out of my own workshop, the answers to "which every educated man ought to know." I hope that you can, all of you, answer them out of hand. But, if you do not happen to be able to do so, I shall not call into question the seriousness or the completeness of the curriculum of Franklin and Marshall.

Let us see a little more closely what is the underlying fallacy here. "My son has been to college four years and don't know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw," says Mr. John B. Practical, who remembers his "Hamlet." Now neither hawking—that famous old sport in days long gone—nor wood-cutting, apparently, was a part of the curriculum in the college to which John B. sent his son. If wood-working is, except as training the hand and eye, it is vocational training, which has its place, but that is a place only secondary in education. As for hawking, that was ever a sport, and football and relay racing has taken the place of it and more than the place. Examine your boy in the technicalities of these sports, and you will get not only answers, but information. This father's complaint is based on a misconception of the basis and reason for education; for if he wants in his son a specific knowledge of this, that or the other subject, and that experience which comes only with familiarity, college is not the place for him. As to all that, life is a better school than college. Though life is like college, too, in that it teaches much that we might be the better without, imparting to us at times the wrong thing in the wrong way and leaving much unlearned. But can any education ever conceived of teach any man all the things that "every educated man ought to know"? That portentous list must include all learning in every conceivable application, if facts plus the practical application of them go to make up the whole part and parcel of the thing which we call education. On such a hypothesis every educated man ought to be alike a

dictionary, an encyclopedia and that book, bristling with preposterously useful information, a German Conversations-Lexicon. Every educated man ought to know—what ought not every educated man to know from how to cook to how to fly an aeroplane? There is no linguist who can not prove the necessity of his tongue; no inventor of a new "science" overnight who does not feel sure that his science must be added to the course. And so this quantitative education of ours goes on, adding new requirements to new requirements, crowding, jostling one subject the other, to the impairment of all. And Mr. Edison finds that his candidates do not know everything that an educated man ought to know. While there are some others of us who find that our college men are so crammed with mere information, hit or miss, that the actual trouble is that they know a little about most things and very little of that really well.

Quantitative education is confidently built upon this extraordinary fallacy, that we ought to know something about as many things as possible. Obviously if our knowledge is thus scattered, we can know very little with any degree of thoroughness. Quantitative education assumes, with the new psychology, that each new topic is a totally new intellectual effort; that the mind is made up of independent, mutually exclusive compartments, and that if you train one only, you leave the rest untrained. Hence the necessity of so many things; hence the notion of a well-informed man, which some people mistake for an educated man; a man who has heard about much, has a smattering of a thousand things, but flitting from subject to subject, has never "had the time," which means taken the pains really to come to know anything. Quantitative education gives us ill-trained men. Quantitative education gives us confident ignorance. It collects ammunition instead of attending to gunnery; it neglects foundations for pretty turrets and minarets that stand out picturesquely against the sky; it generalizes on unascertained facts and decides things of moment, oblivious of the experiences of the ages.

Not to leave quantitative education quite yet, this notion dwells much on ideas of practicality, utility, helpfulness in earning a livelihood, usefulness. If language is concerned, learn to speak Spanish, so that you can barter successfully in Mexico; if science, study chemistry in its applications, and you may be able to discover a new explosive or a still more deadly poison gas. Study sociology, because there are good openings for a young man in social work and among charitable foundations at good salaries. Prefer modern languages to the classics, because there are more schools and college positions likely to be available in the former than in the latter. Go in for pedagogy; it is quite the thing now and will do until tomorrow, when you find out what is the newer thing and can then go in for that. Quantitative education takes that overgrown child, vocational training, by the hand and tells you how much better it is to learn how to do something which has dollars in it and how preferable dollars are in general to doughnuts. I remember reading some time since of the senior class in one of our very western colleges and how it was extolled for an experiment in what I suppose we may call constructive higher education. "Here was a class," we were told, "that wasted no time on dead and dying languages." Not they! "What am I to Hecuba or Hecuba to me!" This class had made with its own hands a complete set of furniture for the Young Men's Christian Association, the sawing, the screwing, the gluing, joining and varnishing, all themselves. Here was a triumph for practical training applied to a charitable deed; though how well done was all this sawing and screwing, this gluing, joining and varnishing, and whether it could not all have been done better and cheaper and the boys kept at study and play the deponent sayeth not. Meanwhile, at any rate, there was no time lost on Greek. But do not misunderstand me. Vocational training has its place. It is even a very important place. Men may not be able to live by bread alone, but bread is a very necessary thing to begin with and it is not immoral to desire to

eat it buttered. My point is that vocational education, so called, is often scarcely education at all; that useful and necessary as it is, vocational training does not develop the mind in the manner and to the degree which we have a right to demand of the major part of education; and, most important of all, that when you pursue any study with an ulterior utilitarian end in view, that study is impaired educationally precisely to that extent.

But obviously there is a contrasted kind of education, and to carry out my figure let us call it qualitative education. Qualitative education is selective, unutilitarian, interested in the fineness, thoroughness, the character of its results, not in their variety and novelty. The qualitative idea as to the process of education doubts if all subjects are of equal pedagogical value; it questions the psychologists' notion that there is little interdependence in our intellectual faculties and prefers to think of the mind as an instrument of precision, capable of being tempered, refined and tuned so as to cope with unfamiliar and new problems, not because of a previous knowledge about them, but because of a generally heightened intelligence and power of adaptability. Qualitative education believes in the old-fashioned notion that a man can sharpen his wits on difficulties; that effort of mind strengthens mind as effort of body strengthens the body; that a man can exercise for the sake of exercise; that a man walking to stretch his legs will not stretch them any the better for carrying a market basket with something to sell in it; that disinterestedness in the pursuit of anything counts in the effort and in the result.

I am a teacher of literature and my discourse to my students is much of poetry; moreover, I meet with the Philistine—to use a good old word in application to a thing at least as old if not as good—and I find him often in my classes, for Philistia is all about us. Now, one of the marks of the Philistine kind is his tendency to ask questions. Like the child that he is in some respects, he does not know that anybody can ask

questions that Socrates might puzzle to answer. And not unlike Mr. Edison, he proposes to have his questions answered or know the reason why. One of these posers is: "Now, what's the use of poetry, anyhow?" And the answer is: "Actually, my dear sir, poetry is of no use whatever." Of no use at all, dear sir; of no more use than kindliness, than charity, than truthfulness, than religion itself. Of no use at all, because immeasurable—as are the arts, the virtues, the things of this world and the next that are really worth while—immeasurable, I repeat, in the terms of utility. Of no use at all, because these are things of value, not things of price—things of the spirit which enter into our lives to make us really what we are, to uplift and sustain us, ennoble us into something that is human, giving us at times a glimpse beyond into the divine. Are we kind to others that they may be kind to us and for no better reason? Do you hold with Benjamin Franklin that immoral doctrine that "honesty is the best policy," the most likely to keep you out of jail and help save up a bit in the long run? Are you truthful merely because you have learned that it does not pay to lie? Depend upon it, poetry is of no use. Few have ever made a living out of it, and it is little to the credit of those who have. I forget the booksellers, they are paid; for their paper—which is now higher than flights of the imagination—for their ink, and their presses and their precious time. A poet is not paid for his time. Out of this cheap category of pennies and that of bread, which we pay for so assiduously, infinitely above it, is the category of ideas, the category of the things of the spirit, in the recognition of which we distinguish men from dray-horses; and therein poetry is the very height of man's power to express himself, to appreciate the universe about him, to convey the deepest of his thoughts on life and fate and eternity, the veritable pledge of his immortality. Let our questioner retire to his tent and set up his scales on his counter—poetry is not for such as he.

But let us return to education. An obvious part of educa-

tion is a knowledge of life's ordinary tools and how to use them and keep them sharp. I am not in the slightest interested to hear that spelling is irksome to little children and that they would rather have teacher tell them fairy tales. I believe in fairy tales, but not as a substitute for spelling. Fairy tales will not stamp out illiteracy, and to stamp out illiteracy is the first duty of the schools. I am equally callous to the statements of psychologists and pedagogues about the unfitness of certain minds to the idea of number. The unfitness is oftener in the teacher than in the child. Give every child the necessary implements without which he can not advance in his education; and give them to him first, when he is most readily taught. It is bad enough to have only half the world in any wise educated, if indeed it is anything like half. It is worse to have most of the people we meet, some of them college bred, half educated, because their teachers have, all along the line from the primary school to college, been robbing each the higher grade to escape that difficult necessity the proper equipment of our children with an ability to read, write, spell, cipher and use English with a decent regard for grammar and sound usage. There are things in this world which are inseparable from effort and labor, and it is good that there are. Labor only becomes drudgery when accepted in a recalcitrant spirit or inflicted to a degree beyond justice or right. But the evasion of difficulties and the tendency to seek a way of life along the line of least resistance are things only too readily learned and form a part of our education which might be profitably curtailed. No human being—man, woman or child—is too good for honest toil, and if he gets it not in the schoolroom, when it comes, as it will in life, he will be only so much the less fitted to meet it. One of the immoralities of our school and college life is the interference of kind and tender hearted authority between an act of omission or neglect and its logical consequence; and another is the indulgence granted to whim in the selection of study, the whim of the student, less often the whim of unwise

parents. We are much troubled about the teaching of children how to play. American children do not have to be taught how to play; it is the one certain thing that comes by nature. Work is just as natural as play, and it is not impossible to imbue the merest child with an appreciation of its necessity and its dignity, its beauty even in the case of these homely essentials of which I have just spoken.

But with these essentials once in hand and the addition of a recognition of where we are as to the past and our relations to the things of the present, the trend of our further education should be directed more to the purpose of refining the temper of the mind, accustoming it to fruitful labor and quickening its apprehension than to filling it with mere information and, what is far worse, though very usual, in the newer sciences, mere opinions about this, that or the other thing. A book came to my table the other day on the interesting topic, "The Coming of Man," and in it I read of the ultimate life that somehow developed in the water, that somehow was driven onto the land, that somehow took to trees and somehow descended and learned to walk upright on two legs. A fragment of skull in Java, a bit of a jaw in the Neanderthal, a bone or two elsewhere with centuries and centuries between, kitchen-middens in Denmark, Lake dwellings in Switzerland, dolmens and burials, shell implements, stone axes, bronze spear heads, and we are off, generalizing by links in a chain which, however broken, we follow by leaps and bounds to hordes and races, wanderings and movements, long heads and round heads, black heads and light heads. I do not wish to cast aspersions on science—I have no right to—but how slender are these evidences, how sweeping and "certain" are these generalizations; and how provisional as yet it all is after all. The one science with which I may perhaps say with modesty that I once had somewhat more than a speaking acquaintance is philology. I recall how metaphorically we used to take off our hats at the mention of Grimm's Law and how that of Verner was only alluded to in awe and with bated breath.

And yet there are no conclusions of modern science which have been more discredited than many of the science of language. We have had our theological guess and it has gone with most of us into the pleasant land of fable; and the metaphysical guess has fared little better. We are now having our scientific guess. Let us sincerely wish well for it. But with all the "evidences," how provisional, I repeat, it all is.

Again let me not be misunderstood. I am no enemy to science, all the arts forbid! And I acknowledge what the study of science, especially experimentally, has done for the powers of observation, discernment, the critical attitude and all the rest. But I do submit that the extraordinary vogue which we now give to some of the sciences, especially the newer sciences, is substituting to a considerable degree theorizing speculation and individual opinion for ascertained facts and realities, based on experience. Even speculation has its part in education, but the speculation of the trained metaphysician is a higher exercise in that species of mental gymnastics than the confident deliverances and cock-sure uncertainties which make up a good deal of our political and social pseudo-scientific investigation. If we can still believe in so antiquated an idea as the discipline of the mind, much is to be said for the higher mathematics, one of the few realms of the imagination to which applies that severity of logic which goes mostly by default in this our uncertain world. Is it not a pity that we are teaching so much in our colleges that has to be unlearned before the student reaches middle life? And is there not something to be said for studies—if there be any such—which can go for a long time at least uncontradicted, even if you place them no higher than for their value by way of information?

Thus far I have endeavored to make clear the distinction between price and value and to apply this somewhat to the consideration of education; to show how the utilitarian standards which govern price have entered into our ideas, to give us the conception of quantitative education and the practice

of it alas—wherein we attach an exorbitant importance to information, to what we call “facts,” though often they are the merest speculation, to science, though often that, too, deals in hazardous conjecture and in opinion based on inference rather than ascertained truth. I have endeavored, also, to distinguish from quantitative education a contrasted ideal which may be described as qualitative because it picks and chooses conservatively, conceiving of the mind as a congeries or system, not unlike that of the muscles, to be developed by judicious exercise into a general capability, a finer temper, a higher efficiency, and not like a collection of water-tight compartments, independent and incommunicable, into each of which you must pour through a separate funnel a little runnel of information. If I have made myself clear, you will recognize that I do not despise the utilities, but I deny to them a usurping place in education. I do not question that we must live by bread, but I deny that we live to buy bread, eat bread, make bread, get rich on bread alone; and I likewise deny that the part of education which has to do with the getting of bread is that part of the process which develops to the highest degree—or to any degree very much—those functions which make man man, which account for human progress and lead to achievements the value of which is beyond the measurements of practicality.

And now there arises a very important question: “If you are going to deny that typewriting or domestic science is as good a study as Latin or philosophy, if you question the substitution of civics and sociology for ancient and medieval history and pedagogy, the science of how to do it, for the thing actually to be done, what are the marks by which we are to determine the educational value of any study? Before I attempt to answer this question—which will keep for a moment—I should like to disabuse your minds, if I can, as to one of our prevalent notions about education in a democracy; I will not say “democratic education,” because, as I hope that you will see, there is really no such thing. Have you ever

heard even the most liberal and eloquent of the evangelists talk of democratic salvation, of repentance *en masse*, of contrition for sin in platoons? Now, education is just as much a personal act, just as much an individual matter as salvation itself. You can train a platoon or a regiment; but if you educate, it is in your officers' camp, and what the officer learns is individual. The things which we can do for the people at large amount mainly to a "leveling down." Take a great popular amusement such as the movies have become; they are "leveled down" to the taste of the vulgar. Take ragtime music, now succeeded by a further degeneracy into jazz mockery, and you have a further example of leveling down. The appeal to men in masses is that of the demagogue, the cheap revivalist, the charlatan. Its tone is the tone of the crowd. And we feel this in a democracy as we do not feel it in a more aristocratic community. Because in the latter the less well educated, the less moneyed, the less well bred, are not vocal but acquiescent, while in a democracy every man can make himself heard—and does. To return, I have just said that education is an individual act, as individual an act as that of salvation; it is not to be had successfully vicariously, but depends upon effort. In truth, education in its nature, as concerned with the individual man and his special betterment, is essentially undemocratic. It can raise the mass only ultimately by raising the individual, and in doing this last for a time at least it is a disturber of equality. Indeed, why not take the bull by the horns and acknowledge frankly that education is aristocratic, looking forward as it must in its endeavor to the discovery of the best, to increase individual capability, to the equipment of the officers in the armies of democracy. And an officer, to the extent of his superior knowledge or equipment, is an aristocrat. "Education for leadership" is the only education; the results of its process make for an ultimate general leveling up, but only by making the taller, taller.

Wherefore, why seek studies fit for democracy? I have a

friend prominent in the public school system of Pennsylvania. He is a great believer in studies of present interest, in studies which shall make for good citizenship, and this is an honorable and a patriotic purpose. He would like somehow to have citizenship taught. He wishes the constitution of Pennsylvania studied. He believes that every child should know how this great State is governed. Now, there is a theory—perhaps there are several—as to how this great State is governed; and there is a practice—there are practices, not to malign our own—by which this great State is governed. The theory, or theories, are interesting as theories, though not nearly so interesting as the constitution of Athens. The practice, as it is, with the boss, the demagogue, the abuses of primaries, of the caucus, of the ballot itself is all of it also interesting; but do you want your child to study all this? Why, then, study what is not true? Is a study of the theoretical constitution of Pennsylvania anything better than propaganda unless its actual government is studied? The tree of knowledge has upon it divers kinds of fruits. We can not forbid the eating of one kind and advise the other. And what, after all, is wholesome? Men have died of the truth as well as for the truth. What we can do is to open our children's eyes that each may see for himself. Information as to what the constitution of Pennsylvania ought to be will not help in this process.

You can not "study freedom"; to restrict your studies to free government—if there really be any such—is as much propaganda as to restrict your studies to tyranny. To give to children to study the only kind of thing which you think best for them to know is to arrogate much and to substitute direction for education. To tell man or child what he is to believe is to keep him a slave. It is the Prussian method which has got the world into its present trouble, which keeps seventy millions of Germans, otherwise intelligent, of the opinion that they have been the victims of a coalition of wicked enemies jealous of German superiority. It is the

method which is more concerned with keeping people from knowing what they ought not to know than with instructing them in what they ought to know. It is the method of dark ages. There are no studies as such particularly fit for democracy. I rather suspect that the unconscious basis of the vogue of vocational training and other specialized substitutes for actual education comes from the circumstance alluded to above: that you can train platoons, though you can not educate by platoons. And note how undemocratic is this idea of studies selected for the mass who must earn their livings and hence must be content with inferior opportunities. Training for business loses sight of the right of every citizen in a democracy to be regarded as a potential President of the United States. Studies picked out for those who can not be supposed to be likely to go very far, whether they are of one type or another, constitute class education and as such are undemocratic; for while we know now that men are neither born, all of them, really free nor yet equal, the one stronghold of democracy is equality of opportunity. Equality of opportunity! Birth, race, natural endowment, money, education, deny it as we may, all make for diversity, variety, inequality and I should add rightly employed for development and progress; for in these differences and degrees alone can the world function and man live according to that which is within him. Equality of opportunity—and equality before the law—which is only one form of opportunity—is the only equality granted to man. This is perhaps all that democracy really means in the ultimate, and who could want more?

Indubitably there should be, and always will be, schools in which those who can not go further can short circuit into various vocations. But by the same token that provides laws against sending children prematurely into factories, there should be laws preventing any child from being deprived of those factors which educate in the process of his school life as contrasted with such as merely train. There is no royal highway to learning and modern education is more like a hurdle

race contrived with international obstacles. But many a man and woman has successfully struggled up the slopes of Parnassus, through the forest and thick undergrowth without a guide and without a trail. Still there are, it seems to me, some things that we may yet hold fast to, howsoever the theorists are persuading us that whatever is, educationally, is wrong.

Returning to the question, "What studies?" I confess that I am much less orthodox than the terms of my discourse thus far may have suggested. Baring the largely speculative nature of our pseudo-sciences, and the miscalling of mere training in how to do something mechanical or technical, a "study," I have very few prejudices. I object to the overemphasis of any one group of studies by which a student becomes biased at the outset of life and remains oblivious of a part of it; although nothing is more important than specialization in due time on something to which the student feels drawn, and hence for which in all likelihood he has a certain aptitude. I emphatically object to specialization on an insufficient foundation, remembering that the best specialist is always the man who knows most about other things. And I reprobate the preposterous idea that the past has little to teach. The past contains so nearly everything that is worth knowing that the present may readily take care of itself. The present usually does, obtruding itself upon us, but in the very act departing all too rapidly into the despised things of yesterday. It is the prevalence of science in our day that has given to us this emphasis upon the passing moment, for new science is the only science and not to be up to date scientifically is to fall in the march of progress. But there is much in human history of which this imperative novelty is not an assential; and the permanence of art and of literature should teach us this.

And now just a word on this matter of permanence. Do you know of anything more completely out of date than an old text book—excepting, perhaps, an old newspaper? You can supersede any spelling book by writing a better one; any arithmetic with a better method. Old chemistry is exploded

chemistry; the old physics and astronomy are laughing stocks, because science moves onward and knocks down with impatient feet the ladder by which she has risen. But a drama of Sophocles, a lyric of passionate Sappho, albeit that burning soul has faded almost into a myth, these things possess the permanency of jewels which have glittered on the bosom of beauty and adorned the crowns of royalty since the dim and forgotten days in which they came into being. Somebody may rewrite "Hamlet," if he is fool enough to do so, putting Polonius into free verse; some one may even improve "Hamlet" as a history of Denmark—for history it is not—but his work of desecration will not take the place of Shakespeare nor supersede the Shakespearean glory, even though he should shine in a radiance his own beside him. So, too, of our greater English poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, George Meredith, each has written marvelously of that wonder of all birds, the skylark; but has any one of the three superseded the others? Each has but added another perfect pearl to the necklace of English lyracy. And, again, Plato and Aristotle in the realm of speculative philosophy; what we do not owe to these great thinkers is, after all, not very much; we have merely added to their wisdom. The rays of intellectual light which they kindled in the world are shining in a thousand little candles which we think, in our ignorance, are of our own lighting. For theirs is the permanence of truth, not the shifting change and readjustments of facts, strung together like beads on a fragile thread of surmise.

Wherefore, if we must consider studies in their intrinsic worth educationally, I should say, first, that the study is of far less importance than the spirit in which it is pursued. One of the things which these late times seem completely to have forgotten—at least here in America—is the circumstance that the word scholarship once meant leisure, time to patter over things, time to think and meditate about them, give them opportunity to form, grow and come into being in the mind, to be brought forth only when ready to be born. Now, alas,

we express our ideas by a literal ex-pression, like the motive power of thumb and finger in exuding paint or cold cream from a tube. And we have substituted for leisure a terrible thing which we call purpose. Think of the adorable times in which a man might write a whole book—like Richard Burton his *Anatomy of Melancholy*—a book absolutely destitute of any purpose whatever, merely the expression of the man who sauntered through life, carrying his enormous learning, seriously but not purposefully, for the joy that is in the acquisition of learning, not with any ultimate design to improve, to edify, or astonish anybody. With such an ideal, we can study without stopping to consider extraneous values, without that sterilizing question, "Is it worth while?" with a concentration in which alone can we hope for genuine fruitful results. Now, a study is valuable educationally in the inverse ratio of its possible practical utility. To put in another way, a study is valuable in proportion to its practical inutility. For such a study alone may be pursued disinterestedly, and disinterestedness is the first of the virtues of scholarship. To study Greek, for example, because you are going to become a minister—and a minister should be able to read the New Testament in the original—this is not to study Greek disinterestedly. To read the poets for fodder to feed to college classes, alas! this is not to study literature disinterestedly. Disinterested scholarship is an ideal unattainable, I confess, in a work-a-day world; but is it not worth while to have what Plato would have called the divine idea of scholarship before the eye of the mind? Disinterestedness; and, secondly, remoteness. By which, if I interpret the fine scholar to whom I owe this latter thought aright, is to be understood that novelty which comes from a subject matter, not too readily translated into the terms of our every-day life and experience. Of course, we may easily add that a third quality is to be found in that permanence of which I have just spoken, that indestructibility which is art's as contrasted with the impermanency and provisional quality of much of our science, to say

nothing of speculative theories about things in general derived at second hand which form the bases of the popular pseudo-sciences of the moment.

And naturally there follows the question: "These studies which combine disinterestedness, remoteness and indestructibility, what are they? Obviously nearly any study may be pursued disinterestedly, if the student will but take this attitude. As I think of our graduate schools, become as to nine-tenths of their students merely equipment schools for teachers, I sigh at the prospect. So far as I know in my own large graduate classes at Pennsylvania, I have not half a dozen wholly disinterested students; all are sowing that they may reap in the fields of the teacher. And do not think for a moment that I am finding fault with these willing, diligent, able, docile students who are ours in our graduate schools, young men and young women who would be a credit to any nation at any time. No, it is their misfortune and ours that we live in an almost hopelessly utilitarian age, one in which it matters not what we do, it must have in it ever the deadly, blighting useful purpose. It is because of this that our universities are so losing their hold on research, which, if we continue to remain so inhospitable, must inevitably find new homes in new foundations, as is already happening in the sciences.

But, secondly, as to remoteness, some of the sciences offer us the best topics, and that is their chief educational strength. But remoteness has its limitations and the egotistic spirit of man is ever after analogies and echoes in his own heart. In a sense, of course, all science is intimately associated with man. A lady at Vassar was wont, we are told, to begin the study of Shakespeare with the *amœba*; but it seems to the uninitiated mere man a long cry from protoplasm to Othello. Hence the history of man rather than his prehistory, ancient languages rather than the archæology which precedes written records, and literature which exists for artistic expression rather than that form of it which records the things which people call

"facts"; it is such that offer us combinations of remoteness with human interest which are unparalleled elsewhere. Once more, as the highest art combines with the deepest possible human interest in the great classics of Greece and Rome and in those of our own older modern literatures—in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser in our own tongue, in Dante, Calderon, Molière elsewhere—and as art has a permanency, a consistency, a completeness which is lacking to a large extent in the change and flux of the sciences, it is there, and for these reasons *there*, that we shall find, and continue to find, those highest cultural agencies which mark what may be called the vitamens in the collation of education.

The collation of education, food for the mind, and let us not forget it, for the soul, even as there is need of food for the body. Starches, sugars, proteins, fats, be the dietary what you like. We are losing our teeth, we are told, because we no longer have to use them in the vigorous mastication of our fathers' homely foods. Are we losing our educational teeth, also, with attractive courses and addiction to sweetmeats, on pap that can be swallowed instead of fiber that must be chewed? In a well-ordered dinner there is variety and there is a very proper appeal to appetite and varied tastes. So, too, our educational diet should offer variety of nutrition and be rich in all the constituents necessary to healthy sustenance. Lastly, we can be starved or overfed or reduced to the condition of anemia by stuff which, going under the name of education, could not pass, had we the real need of the present moment, an educational pure-food law.

Fellow members of Phi Beta Kappa, be not ashamed that you are such, that in the education which has been yours, you have followed not after strange gods nor wandered from the paths trodden honorably by your fathers. It is something to have communed with the great of the past; it is something to have been not a stranger in Greece, nor yet unknowing in Rome; to have visited with Cicero and to have conversed with the Muses. And do not shrink when taunted that your educa-

tion has been undemocratic. The education of the demos is a myth, except as we may hope to raise the mass of our fellows in the education of as many as possible of such as care for its advantages and will make sacrifices to attain them. For education is a personal act, I repeat, not a something cast like a cloak upon one, and the only equality among men is the equality of opportunity. Think what this means and you will not accuse me of restricting the ideals of liberty. With equality to all men, each according to his capability, with no door shut and no hand clutched to withhold, with ignorance reduced to a shadow and every man respected for what he is, we should have a democracy above the idle dreams of rhetoric and yet maintain that difference and differentiation of function which makes the great machinery of the world's coöperation, political, vocational, intellectual and spiritual, the means in the future, as it has never been to the full in the past, to the onward march of mankind.

And when the Edisons of practical discovery examine you as to facts and you find that your knapsack is as yet little burdened with such luggage, do not despond and question the use of a college training which denies you an impracticable omniscience. If education were really what our quantitative friends would make it, each voyager in the paths of life would stumble along under the burden of Atlas, a burden, moreover, for the most part useless. For a fact is like one of the little pegs of a cribbage board—if you know of anything of a game so completely out of date—it only counts when you stick it in the little round hole that it fits. Otherwise it idly rolls about the little stick that it is. Whereas on the basis of this education of yours, in which I congratulate you that you have studied many useless things, it is you who have been developed, to think more clearly, judge more justly, appreciate with a wider apprehension, enjoy with a keener relish the things of the spirit as well as those of the mind. Thus trained you are ready to amass the particular hoard of experiences which is to be yours in practical life, and thus equipped

you can carry the gatherings of this experience, not as some stupendous weight, extraneous except as it bears heavily upon you, but lightly, easily as the runner stripped for the race.

Indeed the antithesis of ideas which it has been my purpose especially to impress upon you, after the manner of pedagogues, is precisely this, the difference between the man of information struggling along with his burden of miscellaneous facts, often ill related one to the other, useful if you happen to need that sort of thing, an incumbrance if you do not, and, on the other hand, the veritably educated man whom I have compared to the runner, equipped for the race of life in well-developed muscles and nerves, whatever life's contingencies may be. I wish that this distinction were as clear in its actuality as it can be made clear in statement. But while we are appraising educational values and searching with the rays of our searchlight the tents of Philistia the clustering utilities and the motes in scientific and other eyes, let us not forget the beam in our own. We who pride ourselves, as we sometimes do, as the only lovers and pursuers of liberal studies, we who are sometimes taunted, not without a certain pleasure to ourselves in the taunt, on our Brahminical caste, ought to remember that caste is a thing which tends to solidification, and that in the matter of progress a stream solidified into a glacier continues indeed to flow—as all things move—but with a motion far less fluid, active and limpid than that of water rippling in the sun. These old humanities of ours have been bred much in the shade, in cloisters, away from the bustle of real life, and it is not this kind of remoteness which I have been impelled to praise. Moreover, there is danger of pride among us, and it is well known what it is that pride only too commonly precedes. There is no virtue as such in the study of Latin and Greek. Both have been pursued with all the illiberality, with all the imperviousness to realities, with all the blindness to the real significance of ancient culture to modern times which have characterized abuses in other fields of education. I grant the difficulties—the most desirable and

valuable difficulties educationally—which inhere in the study of any foreign language, and I also grant that these must be mastered, measurably at the least, before the full cultural value of these, our older humanities, can make itself felt.

The real strength of the argument against the claims of the classics in contemporary education lies in the undisputed fact that to a large extent we do not now study Latin and Greek in such a manner and with such an intensity as really to reach that facility in the use of both, without which the full cultural values of these great literatures of antiquity can only be surmised, not really felt. And yet even with these difficulties, I should like nothing better than the opportunity to inspire in even the youngest students a love for the myth, the poetry, the passion which was Greece and the grandeur, the logic, the orderliness which was Rome's. That Latin and Greek have not always been taught in a manner to keep pace with the new pedagogy is perhaps not as much a matter of regret as some might be disposed to make it. That the unsuccessful teaching of any subject should alone be sufficient to ban it is preposterous, of course. There is meat in the classics, there is wisdom in the classics, and an art and craftsmanship not often equaled in the best that has come since; there are ideals in the classics after which we are still reaching, and could we get all this by our present study of some half dozen authors in some half dozen years there need be no more said about it. But even acknowledging that we can not, what we *do* get, with all the shortcomings of much of our teaching and with all the inroads of other subjects upon our time, I do maintain is not negligible, and is in the main well worth our time.

But Latin and Greek with all their merits do not alone constitute the humanities. I have spoken of their remoteness as one of their advantages, of their human interest as another, this latter quality they share with all the great literatures of other ancient and modern peoples; and literatures such as those of France, England and Italy in their remoter reaches

furnish us with the other element as well. Nice are the degrees of the humanitarian spirit; and he is a bold man who would deny the cultural elements in pure science, let me repeat, disinterestedly pursued, and even in the social sciences, to the extent to which they involve the discussion of principles rather than the enumeration of observed "facts."

But enough, I fear that you will think that I am drawing wire-drawn distinctions. What I have hoped to convey is what seems to me a real distinction, a distinction which lies in spirit far more than in substance, and one which runs through all the ramifications of our elaborate curriculum. Dr. Furness, the famous and witty Shakespearean, used to say: "Stone walls do not a prison make—neither do they make a university." Stately buildings, a spreading campus, bowls in which to play football and a sonorous college yell—all these are outward emanations and may exist where there is no educational soul. Even libraries may exist unread and unused, and dormitories may be used only to sleep in—none of these things are the soul of a college nor a university. More than this, we may turn out our hordes, year in and out, of men professionally trained, of men technically trained, of men trained now in business and in the craft of teaching—for it has become almost such with its apprenticeships and its certificates—but none of this really constitutes a university. For the soul may be wanting in all this and the soul of a college is the reality of its scholarship. That quiet little man, no one would look at him twice, unless, having caught his eye, he saw the soul burning in it. That quiet little man is one of those rare beings whom pedagogy can not make; he is a teacher to the manner born; he is one whom gowns and degrees and honors can not make greater; for he is a born investigator, one who has added his honest contribution to the growing sum total of human knowledge, simply, unaffectedly and naturally, for he speaks after his kind. And here is your college, your university. Here and in the young and eager throngs who cherish learning, those in whom lie our hopes for

the future. It is no small matter to be of the ancient and honorable gild of those who teach, of those who love wisdom. Of none, be he semi or wholly divine, can finer word be spoken than that he loved the Word and taught it.

Brothers of Phi Beta Kappa, it is a privilege to be a scholar, however humble your place or mine in the brotherhood. For be who may out of the ways of truth, he treads the veritable path who makes the love of wisdom ever his guide, his helmsman in the voyage of life.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

III.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE ON POETIC COMPOSITION.

CARL JEFFERSON WEBER.

It was the afternoon of January 14, 1807, at Grasmere, just a few days after Wordsworth had finished reading to Coleridge the long poem we now know as *The Prelude*. During those few days Coleridge had composed the lines *To William Wordsworth*, and today he had come to read them to his friend, and to have another stimulating discussion with him.

After a cordial greeting, the two poets sat down, Wordsworth listening with a half-vacant, thoughtful stare while Coleridge read his lines. When the reading was over, Wordsworth thanked his friend for the kind tribute he had paid him, and then said: "In return, I want to read you another poem of my own—just a short one. I composed it about a month ago, and just this morning happened to find the copy of it in my desk. You must give me your opinion of it. It is a true story related to me during my trip in Scotland a little over four years ago."

Coleridge assented and Wordsworth began to read the poem of *The Blind Highland Boy*. A smile played around the corners of Coleridge's mouth during the reading of the first two or three stanzas, but soon disappeared. Wordsworth read on:

"He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

"And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know."

"That's fine," interrupted Coleridge, and a moment's silence followed. "Go on," he said, and Wordsworth continued:

"He in a vessel of his own
On the swift flood is hurrying down,
Down to the mighty Sea.

"In such a vessel never more
May human creature leave the shore!

"A Household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the poor blind Boy."

"Oh, my dear William," cried Coleridge in dismay, "that will never do! You really can't let such a thing as that remain."

"Why, what is the matter?" Wordsworth asked in surprise.

"Well," replied Samuel T., "in the first place, you can't rhyme *clothes* with *those* on paper, even if you do pronounce them alike. *Th* and *s* don't rhyme."

"You are right; they do not," William said slowly, and musingly added: "I suppose I'll have to alter that stanza. Strange I should have overlooked that. Shall I go on?"

"No, indeed," protested Coleridge, "not yet! I certainly can not allow you to spoil a good beginning with such a blemish. 'A household tub!' Why, that is not at all in keeping with the tone of the poem. You had aroused in me a very affectionate and sympathetic feeling, and then to descend to a household tub! 'There is something unpleasant in the being thus obliged to alternate states of feeling so dissimilar.'"¹

"But 'my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven in a no less elegant vessel' than a tub. The incident 'was related to me by an eye-witness.'"

"That may be very true," Coleridge remonstrated, "but I have spoken with you before about these 'sudden and unpre-

¹ From Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," as are all other quotations here ascribed to Coleridge.

pared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished.' I must be frank with you. You 'sink too often and too abruptly to that style which is only proper in prose.'"

"My dear Coleridge," Wordsworth said in self-defense, "the fact that a style is proper to prose does not prove its impropriety in verse. The Highland Boy used a tub, so why should I not say so?"

"Because 'the business of the writer, like that of a painter, is to *raise* the lower and neutral tints, and where this is not achieved in a poem, the meter merely reminds the reader of his claims in order to disappoint them.'"

"But," said Wordsworth, "there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition."²

"Do you really think so?" asked the author of *Christabel*.

"Certainly. 'It would be a most easy task to prove' to you," replied Wordsworth, "'that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the meter, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself.' For instance, Adam is made to say in the language of prose:

—nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

"But, William," said Coleridge, "that is not only in the *language* of prose; that *is* prose!"

"Well, then, take some lines from *L'Allegro*:

—the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,

² From Wordsworth's Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*; as are all other quotations here ascribed to Wordsworth.

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And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe.

If Milton had said *blithely* instead of *blithe*, those lines would have been exactly as one would speak in prose."

"Very true, William."

"And the other great poets will show the same practice. Let me open this volume of Chaucer. Take one of his most touching passages:

—Fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan wol the gayler bringen our potage?
Is ther no morsel breed that ye do kepe?
I am so hungry that I may nat slepe.
Now wolde god that I mighte slepen ever!

Here there is not 'even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of meter, differs from that of prose. There is a class of critics who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession.' Yet Shakespeare is just full of these prosaisms. Othello cries, 'I had rather be a toad and live upon the vapor of a dungeon than keep a corner in the thing I love for others' uses.' Would he not have cried the same words in prose? And after his downfall, Cassio mildly says, 'Dear General, I never gave you cause.' Can you find anything more simple and direct than that? Why, my dear Coleridge, your own poems should convince you of the truth of my proposition. Here, take this little volume of yours. There are two poems in it I like very well. One begins:

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,
This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
Beauties and feelings, such as would have been
Most sweet to my remembrance even when age
Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness!

And the other one reads:

The Frost performs its secret ministry
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry

Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness.

"There, Coleridge, that is beautiful. They are your own words, and with one or two slight exceptions, it is all the language of prose. And yet it is poetry. Are you not convinced?"

Wordsworth waited in silence for Coleridge to reply, nor was it long before the latter began, speaking easily and with calm assurance:

"An idealist defending his system by the fact, that when asleep we often believe ourselves awake, was well answered by his plain neighbor, 'Ah, but when awake, do we ever believe ourselves asleep?' Things identical must be convertible.' Your position, William, 'seems to rest on a similar sophism. For the question is not whether there may not occur in prose an order of words, which would be equally proper in a poem; nor whether there are not beautiful lines and sentences of frequent occurrence in good poems, which would be equally becoming as well as beautiful in good prose; for neither the one nor the other has ever been either denied or doubted by any one. The true question must be, whether there are not modes of expression, a construction, and an order of sentences, which are in their fit and natural place in a serious prose composition, but would be disproportionate and heterogeneous in metrical poetry; and *vice versa*, whether in the language of a serious poem there may not be an arrangement both of words and sentences, and a use and selection of (what are called) figures of speech, both as to their kind, their frequency, and their occasions, which on a subject of equal weight would be vicious and alien in correct and manly prose. I contend that in both cases this unfitness of each for the place of the other frequently will and ought to exist.'"

"Illustrate," said Wordsworth briefly.

"Very well. Let us begin with prose. Are there, or are there not, modes of expression which are in their natural place in prose, but which would be out of place in poetry? You cited Milton as an example. Give me his prose works. Here! Take a few lines from the Preface to the *Eikonoklastes*:

'To descant on the misfortunes of a person fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also paid his final debt both to nature and his faults, is neither of itself a thing commendable, nor the intention of this discourse. Neither was it fond ambition, nor the vanity to get a name. I never was so thirsty after fame, nor so destitute of other hopes and means, better and more certain to attain it.'

"Now, here you have the language of prose, and prose well written. Yet you can not have so small regard for your profession as to call this poetry. Yet Milton was a great poet. No; this is well-written prose, but it is not poetry, and nothing would ever make it poetry. Milton knew this and wisely left it as prose. As I said, there are some things which are proper in prose, but quite out of place in verse. And," he added with a smile, "a household tub is one of those things!"

Wordsworth looked up, but said nothing, and Coleridge continued. "Now, take the second point," he said. "Is there, or is there not, in the language of a serious poem, an arrangement both of words and sentences, which would be quite alien in good prose? Without taking the time to argue the question in the abstract, 'I appeal to the practice of the best poets, of all countries and in all ages, as authorizing the opinion, that in every import of the word essential, which would not here involve a mere truism, there may be, is, and ought to be an *essential* difference between the language of prose and of metrical composition. I remember no poet whose writings would safelier stand the test than Spenser. Yet will you say that the style of the following stanzas is either undistinguished from prose and the language of ordinary life? Or that it is vicious, and that the stanzas are blots in the *Faerie Queene*?

By this the northern wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixt and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wild deep wandering arre:
And chearfull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Hath warned once that Phoebus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the eastern hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phoebus fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy ayre:
Which when the wakeful elfe perceived, streightway
He started up, and did him slefe prepayre
In sun-bright armes and battailous array;
For with that pagan proud he combat will that day.'

You cited *Othello*, William, to illustrate the use of the language of ordinary life. But Shakespeare was certainly master of a language *essentially* different from that of prose. Take, for example, the Sonnets:

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.

Or again:

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;

Ruin hath taught me thus to reuminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.

Is not that real poetry? And yet it is not the language really *spoken* by men. You also quoted Milton, and yet you must recognize that Milton of all poets wrote a language *essentially* different from the language of ordinary life. His words and expressions are not those commonly employed:

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred.

And even when he uses none but words that might be spoken in ordinary prose conversation, yet he arranges them in an order that constitutes an essential difference from prose. For example, take the end of *Paradise Lost*:

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

There you have all ordinary words, and yet no one would ever speak or write thus in manly prose.

"And when we come down nearer our own day, William, examples crowd upon you and clamor for recognition. Take Gray's fine line:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

Is not that different from the language of prose? And in spite of your somewhat just charges against Pope, yet he *has* some good lines, which you know would be out of place in prose. For instance, from the *Rape of the Lock*:

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Or take some of your popular friend Scott's lines:³

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!

However little you may be in sympathy with his style of poetry, you must admit that it has some merit, and that it is not prose. And have you seen that little volume of poems by that Oxford atheist down in Italy, you know—a youngster named Shelley? No? Well, there is one fine poem⁴ in it, which begins:

Hail! to thee, blithe Spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

I call that real poetry, William, but you don't need me to point out to you how different it is from the language of prose. 'Profuse strains of unpremeditated art'—that's what

³ An anachronism. These lines were not published until 1810, three years after the conversation is supposed to have taken place.

⁴ An anachronism. *The Skylark* was not published until 1820.

poetry really is! It's something better, higher, nobler, than anything that prose can give us."

Wordsworth seemed too busy with his own thoughts to make any reply, so Coleridge went on:

"You were kind enough, William, to refer to two of my own poems, and I quite agree with you about the language used in them. I was more or less under your influence at the time. I had been reading the *Lyrical Ballads* rather carefully, and when I came to write those poems, I found myself, half unconsciously, imitating you. I have sometimes wondered if I could not have passed off several of my poems in that style as your own productions. It has often seemed to me that once or twice I have come very near your type of composition."

Wordsworth nodded his head in assent without replying. Coleridge mused a short minute, and then went on:

"But, after all, I am not as fond of those poems of mine as some others. I *know* that my *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel* are far superior to anything I have written in the mere language of prose. I am secretly quite proud of the *Kubla Khan*, and only wish I could complete it. I often catch myself repeating:

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played."

"Yes, Coleridge," broke in Wordsworth, "somehow I rather like that myself. I can't explain why."

Coleridge repeated, half to himself:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

I think, William," he broke off, "one reason why I like that is just because it is *not* the language of ordinary life. It is something mysterious, enchanting, far away from all the sor-

did reality of this world. We see enough of the light of common day, without introducing it into our poetry."

"The light of common day," repeated Wordsworth pensively. "Yes, I sometimes have the same feeling myself. I often want to be carried far away—away from everything that jars and causes discord in our lives here. I have been working, whenever I have got into this mood, upon an Ode which I began three or four years ago. I think maybe it would suit your taste, better than many of my other poems. I shall read it to you as soon as I finish it."

"Yes, William," said Coleridge, "whenever you have a real poetic inspiration you forget all about the language of ordinary life. In your best moments you don't follow your own self-imposed principle. There is that little stanza you wrote four or five years ago:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

You know perfectly well that ordinary people do not say, 'My heart leaps up.' No; that is poetry; and it is essentially different from the language of prose. And if you want me to find you other examples from your own work, I can do so. Take the fine stanzas you wrote several years ago to Mrs. Wordsworth:

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

Or those others written soon after:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills.

They are both splendid, but they are not in the language of prose. The rustics around you here do not speak of wandering 'lonely as a cloud,' nor is their loved one a 'phantom of delight' nor a 'lovely apparition.' No; it is very fortunate that you can not 'so entirely repress the force and grandeur of your mind with those principles of poetry which

your arguments are insufficient to support.' And if you had not developed that pet theory of yours, your poems might be free from your characteristic oscillations of excellence. I read your *Thorn* again last night, but I do not believe that I can ever learn to like it. There is too much 'matter-of-factness' in it. For instance, that muddy pond of which you say—

I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide.

That's the language of prose all right, but it's not poetry!
And when I come to the lines—

I did not speak—I saw her face,
In truth it was enough for me,

I can not read such awful stuff; in truth it is enough for me! Forgive me, dear William—I don't mean to be unkind; but I could never obtain any pleasure from those lines. You know the great danger you have in writing in the language of prose is not to write poetry at all, but simply barren prose in disguise. Let me give you an example. Give me a copy of *The Brothers*, as published soon after our trip to Germany. Here are some lines, now, printed as poetry, but which I shall read as if they were prose. And I contend that these lines would be just as beautiful and effective in prose as in poetry; that there is no need, therefore, to have them in meter at all:

James, pointing to the mountain's summit, over which they had all purposed to return together, informed them that he *there* would wait for them: they parted, and his comrades passed that way some two hours after, but they did not find him at the appointed place, a circumstance of which they took no heed: but one of them, going by chance, at night, into the house which at this time was James's home, there learned that nobody had seen him all that day: the morning came, and still he was unheard of: the neighbors were alarmed.

All this is exactly as one would say it in ordinary prose, except for the position of the word *there*—'that he *there* would wait for them.' But, my dear William, I should call that prose, in spite of the meter. That is the result 'of prac-

tical adherence to a theory that aims to identify the style of prose and verse. The meter itself, the sole acknowledged difference, becomes meter to the eye only. The existence of *prosaisms*, and the fact that they detract from the merit of a poem, *must* at length be conceded, when a number of successive lines can be rendered unrecognizable as verse, or as having even been intended for verse, by simply transcribing them as prose, 'as I have just done.'

"Yes, Coleridge," said Wordsworth slowly, "perhaps you are right. That is a very bad passage there; I shall have to alter it."

"Yes, I should, if I were you. And another thing, William. You must remember that the language of ordinary life means not only the use of ordinary words, but also the preservation of the ordinary arrangement of those words. As soon as you disturb the usual order, you are getting away from the language of prose; and if you depart from the language of prose, and yet retain prosaic words and expressions, the result is bound to be unsatisfactory. Take the greeting, 'I wish you a good morning, sir!'—'Thank you, sir, and I wish you the same.' An 'ingenious gentleman under the influence of the Tragic Muse contrived to dislocate these words into two blank-verse heroics:

To you a morning good, good Sir! I wish,
You, Sir, I thank: to you the same wish I.'

In the same way, William, you too often disturb a phrase or sentence that is all right in prose and make an absurd line out of it. I think that is really the secret why the *Lyrical Ballads* caused such an uproar. For instance, you say of Simon Lee—

Of years he has upon his back,
No doubt, a burthen weighty.

and later

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell.

And in the *Last of the Flock* are the lines—

And crazily and wearily
I went my work about.

And there are many more such instances in the *Thorn*:

You must take care and choose your time,
The mountain when to cross.

It is these little inversions and displacements, William, that cause a lot of trouble. It is evidently done for the meter, and does not make a good impression on your audience. You *can* write much better than you often do."

"Tell me, then," said Wordsworth, "what you would do in regard to the poem I have been reading to you."

"Well, I should leave out the household tub."

"Yes; but what would you substitute?"

"Oh, anything out of the ordinary—anything which has not ideas attached to it as vulgar and unpoetic as the idea of washing dirty clothes."

"Yes; but suggest something definite."

"Well, let us see. Have you ever read 'Dampier's Voyages'? No? Well, it is there recorded that a boy, the son of the captain of a warship, seated himself in a little turtle-shell and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship. How would it do to have your Highland Boy go off in a little green turtle-shell?"

"But how would he find a turtle-shell on Loch Leven?"

"Oh, you can account for that in some way or other. The sailors might have brought it there. I'll leave that matter to you. And now I really must be going, if I'm to get home before dark. You change the poem, and read it to me again later on. I'm sorry if I've been too outspoken this afternoon."

"Oh, no; I am very thankful to you for your good advice. I shall bear in mind what you have said, and perhaps some good will come of it. Well, good-bye."

And the two poets parted.

That night Coleridge sat turning over some new books which he had just received from London. Suddenly his eye

caught the word,⁵ "Two voices are there."

"Why," he thought, "that sounds like the sonnet William read me just a few weeks ago." But then he read on:

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep.

And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
At other times—Good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the ABC
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Coleridge laid the book down with a smile, and said to himself, "That's just what I told him this afternoon."

Meanwhile, in the other poet's home, William was telling Dorothy about the discussion of the afternoon.

"Do you know, dear sister," he was saying, "I sometimes believe Coleridge is more right than I am about poetry. Whenever I talk with him, he seems to convince me that he is right. When I'm by myself, I feel satisfied with my work, and I feel happy in composing according to my own ideas. But whenever he has an argument with me, I don't seem able to maintain my position. Coleridge always carries me away with him when he begins to talk. I'm going to change several lines in the *Thorn* about the pond. Coleridge made fun of the minute measurements I had given. And there is a long passage in the *Brothers* that I shall have to remodel. It sounded just like prose, when Coleridge read it to me this afternoon, and I must try to improve it."

After the evening meal, Wordsworth got out the unfinished *Ode* of which he had spoken to Coleridge. There was silence

⁵ An anachronism. This parody on Wordsworth's sonnet is by J. K. Stephens, who was not born until 1859.

in the room, save for the crackling of the log fire and the low mumbling sound that William made. For several hours he toiled, and when bed-time came he read aloud to Dorothy the result of his labor:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

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IV.

WHAT CHANCE HAS THE TRUTH TODAY?¹

PAUL SEIBERT LEINBACH.

It came with something of a shock to hear a distinguished leader of thought in a great American metropolis propound this query, and yet it was of a piece with the cynical temper of multitudes in our time. Thousands of college men, alas, have passed from the atmosphere of optimism to that of doubt and perplexity. They have proclaimed with sophomoric eloquence that—

“ Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The thousand years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

But with the broadening knowledge of a somewhat blasé seniority, how many dare, even yet, to go out into life with an unshaken faith in the invincibility of truth? The loss of such a faith is more than unfortunate; it is as fatal to genuine success as it is to happiness.

Every age has had its men and women who have had a sincere passion for reality. It has sometimes been claimed that no preceding time has found so many with this holy passion in their hearts; so many who have contempt for hypocrisy and cant. In the face of the admitted deceptions and artificialities of present-day life, when so many men boastfully practice camouflage and so many women resort to cosmetics, it may be difficult to persuade the ordinary observer that our age hates shams and loves truth. Indeed, there are those who claim with some degree of assurance that with our more scientific methods of concealing and distorting facts, it was never quite so difficult to find out the real truth about

¹ Commencement address at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., June 8, 1921, by the Rev. Paul Seibert Leinbach, D.D., Litt.D.

anything. There is probably not one of us who realizes to how large an extent he is the victim of misinformation.

The late Professor Flint has finely said: "There is nothing higher or better than truth; nay, there is nothing noble or good except what is true. There is nothing to be preferred to the truth; nay, there is nothing which ought not to be sacrificed if found to be contrary to truth. God is not higher than truth, but *is* the truth, and he who doubts, disbelieves or denies the truth thereby doubts, disbelieves and denies God. Only where the love of truth is supreme can human character answer to any worthy idea of what it ought to be. If a man love the truth, he will be candid, sincere, impartial, generous, and aspire after purity and perfection; if he be content with falsehood, or any substitute for truth, he condemns himself to meanness and baseness of mind, to unfairness and dishonesty of disposition, to duplicity and deceitfulness of conduct."

One of the greatest maxims in all literature is written in the Book of Proverbs: "*Buy the truth and sell it not.*" It is a supreme challenge to all that is noblest in human nature. If such an ideal possesses the soul, then purpose in life (and in education) is not terrible, but glorious. What a price the manliest men of history have paid in their search after truth! The cynical taunt of Satan, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," has been disproved over and over again. Life was not counted dear by those who gave their all in scientific research, in invention and discovery, scaling the highest mountains, and descending into the very bowels of the earth; or undergoing equal privations and dangers in their zeal to propagate the truth in order that they might pass on this "pearl of great price," and deliver their brother men from the darkness of error and superstition into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

The noblest pages of history have been written by the devoted spirits whose love of truth has been a divine urge, uplifting the race; and the real villains of the centuries have been the proponents of lies, the protagonists of deceit, the

"deniers" whose Satanic activity has so scarred the human story with discord and horror. Falsehood in thought, word and deed has been the poisonous seed of strife, responsible for the havoc of the years. When the seer of Patmos gives the catalogue of those left out of the Holy City, he reaches the climax with the enemies of truth, and declares that the deepest place in hell is reserved for "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." The Great Teacher, who "spake as never man spake," declared that the Devil is "a liar, and the father of liars." And yet many of those who acknowledge that a lie is "an abomination in the sight of the Lord" are tempted, alas, to add the unworthy deceit that at the same time a lie is "a very present help in trouble."

The graduates of a Christian college are, in a special sense, under bonds to go out into the world's great work as lovers of truth. They recognize that they are now in possession of only a portion of truth. Mr. Edison, who has recently been quoted with regard to the "amazing ignorance" of college men, and has succeeded at least in having his name more frequently mentioned on commencement programs, probably included himself in another generalization attributed to him, to the effect that "we don't know one-thousandth of one per cent. about anything yet"! Sir Isaac Newton, at the end of a lifetime spent in the earnest pursuit of truth, declared that he felt like a boy who had been wandering up and down along the shores of the infinite ocean of knowledge, picking up here and there a pebble. But great souls are not only seekers after the truth they do not yet possess; they are defenders and protectors of the truth they have. What we have is, after all, of the utmost importance to us and to the world. It is upon that we must build. It is there we must take our stand and say, "God helping me, I can do no other." At all hazards, we will defend this precious possession, and our fidelity to the truth we possess will in itself spur us on to seek after more truth and make it possible for us to secure it.

What is the vital requirement of Biblical religion? We

believe that back of and underlying all other demands is a single condition, without which true religion can not possibly exist, and this is the requirement to live true to truth, to be *faithful, loyal, obedient to known truth. It is an absolutely unescapable test, more heart-searching than any other.*

"First to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

This is not merely poetry; it is profound philosophy. It is, we sincerely believe, the revelation of God to man.

We are accustomed to repeat the somewhat trite stanza:

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
He must onward still and upward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

To "keep abreast of truth!" Aye, there's the rub! But it is all the more noble because it is so difficult. Is not our time in extraordinary need of such knights-errant of truth? The Great War, which has so profoundly affected the moral standards of these crimson years, has waged its most relentless conflict against the citadels of truth. War always exalts duplicity and places chevrons and epaulets upon deceit. The well-nigh universal disposition to accept the maxim, "All's fair in love and war," has erected chicancery into a scientific institution, and oftentimes made camouflage the test of ability and character. To cheat the enemy is not only justifiable, but in the highest degree honorable, and with the employment of the lie in the field of battle goes the sinister work of the spy, the propagandist, and the diplomat, who learn anew the trick of using words so as to conceal rather than reveal the thoughts of the heart.

It is difficult, indeed, to prevent the carrying into times of peace of these methods so honored and applauded in the days of war. This is perhaps most palpable in the sphere of politics. What a holy indignation it was possible to arouse just a few short months ago when a great nation scoffed at a

solemn treaty as a mere "scrap of paper"! How little resentment it appears to create today when the nations scrap with equal impudence and impunity the most solemn engagements into which they have entered, and become guilty of the perfidy of making promises to their foes altogether out of harmony with the treaties covenanted with friends, even while the ink is scarcely dry. Thus the so-called Christian nations, the richest and most powerful in the world, are permitting the Christian tribes of the Near East to be crushed out. Surely the friend of truth must be prepared to fight against every art of diplomacy which refuses to "play the game on the level." He must be willing to enter the lists against the patrioteer, as against the profiteer, and oppose unflinchingly every other man or woman wearing a mask.

Fraud and sham must be driven out of the home life of America. This Republic has now attained the unenviable distinction of having more divorces in proportion to the population than any other nation under heaven. We may delude ourselves with the siren song that the family has been preserved in spite of the enemies within and without the home, which have assailed it through the centuries. But it must be evident to every thoughtful mind that the unity and integrity of our home life will measure the real greatness of the Republic. The sons of truth, who will assist in driving out deceit and chicancery from the firesides of the Nation, will be the real benefactor of the race.

And who can doubt that there is a call today for a new deal in the business world? Modern industry and commerce are built up so largely upon credit, mutual faith in promises, bargains and contracts, that every form of fraud becomes, in a true sense, a stain upon the flag of the Nation. We do not need to turn to religious leaders to read in our time indictments against the low grade of business ethics which has befouled the marts of trade, and sought to pollute the very temples of justice. Financial writers very frankly discuss the prevalent dishonesty. The term "cancelitis" has been coined

to indicate the readiness of many firms to violate their contracts and to trample under foot their solemn engagements. The growing use of shoddy, the disposition to cover inferiority with varnish, the inaccuracy and unreliability which mark so many activities in the industrial world, the lack of candor and square dealing between Capital and Labor—these blights persist, and we are comforted only by the fact that there is a greater readiness to drag them into the open and call them by their right names. It is hopeful as well as humbling when leaders of affairs like Alba B. Johnson, of the National Chamber of Commerce, issue a fervent plea for a speedy return to the old-fashioned ideals of "straight thinking and plain honesty" in American business. "Our age does not gloss over its evils. It publishes them in extras. Truth today is marshaling spiritual armies." And down beneath all the disturbing surface indications there is, we believe, a growing devotion to righteousness and social justice, and a larger willingness to sacrifice for the common good.

It is preëminently desirable, also, that college men should be summoned to consider the sources of public information and the powerful agencies forming public opinion. Assuredly one of the chief menaces of our time is comprehended in "the difficulty in securing reliable information on any question." In his remarkable study of "Modern Democracy," Viscount Bryce devotes some of his most interesting pages to "the press," which he regards as a very mixed institution of good and evil. He traces the fall in importance of editorial writing and the increasing significance of news with the transition from personal to impersonal journalism, and declares that the worst fault in the press of democracies is that of misleading readers in international controversies. He asserts that the press frequently increases the danger of war by exaggerating the merits of the position taken by its own country and suppressing the case for the other.

He does not disparage the invaluable services rendered by the newspapers and magazines in modern free countries.

Without the public press there could be no democracy in areas larger than were the city communities of the ancient world. The newspaper enables the statesman to reach the whole world by its printed words, and keeps officials under the eyes of the people. Itself irresponsible, it enforces responsibility upon all who bear a part in public work. It is because the press alone can do, and is doing, much salutary and necessary work that attention needs to be called to any causes which might, by shaking public confidence in it, impair its usefulness to the communities.

In indicating the danger which misuse of the power of the press may bring, Lord Bryce asserts that the newspapers suppress news when it suits them or their party, that they do not hesitate to color it, that they have their eyes too much concentrated on profits, and that they "have become the most available instruments by which the money power can make itself felt in politics." If any one doubts the difficulty in getting trustworthy facts from the public prints, let him consider the "doctored news" from Russia during the last few years. But why should it be thought surprising that it is next to impossible to secure an accurate interpretation of events many thousands of miles away, when it is so difficult to get a correct statement of the happenings of one's own town? Who does not know that many of the reports in our papers are written before the event takes place, and the purported account is a combination of prophecy and imagination, frequently tinged with personal predispositions? When we remember how differently a dozen men would describe the same event, we can understand some of the harassments which beset any journal that attempts to live up to the maxim, "It's all here; and it's all true." Dan Crawford, the famous British missionary, who came back to so-called "civilization" a few years ago, after spending twenty-two years in the heart of Africa, was asked on his return what fact had amazed him most, and he declared that probably nothing had so much astonished him as the fact that he had "missed so few things of importance

by not seeing the daily newspapers for twenty-two years"! But it is not only to the literature of information, which so frequently could more properly be called the literature of misinformation, to which the epithet of unreliability can be applied; in some degree, at least, this taint attaches, also, to the literature of power. The wisest and best of men are prone to trim the facts, or to paint and adorn them, rather than simply to tell them in all their native eloquence. In the pulpit, as in the press, this disposition to give personal color to the simplest statements demonstrates the danger and menace which inhere in the solemn duty of passing on truth to others.

Has any more wonderful promise ever been given to the children of men than this: "*Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free*"? And yet here is the practical difficulty which confronts us. It is a severe discipline, indeed, to secure the truth; it must be bought at a great price; it must be won by sweat and blood; and it is just as difficult to "pass it on" unalloyed and unstained by our own bias and lack of perspective. One of our American philosophers has given us a pregnant maxim which has great force, even if it lacks in elegance. He said: "It is a heap better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so." The brilliant British journalist, Gilbert K. Chesterton, has recently been regaling American audiences with his lecture on "The Ignorance of the Educated," and there is no little significance in his half-jesting observation that "Americans must stop believing the things that are not so." There are many who claim that, with all our boasts of being hard-headed and practical and not easily deluded, we Americans are among the most credulous, gullible and easily fooled people on the face of the earth. Witness how easily we succumb to the lure of fake mining stock and other "get-rich-quick" schemes. Note particularly the multitude of fads and isms and fake social and religious theories which are constantly launched among us. However crude and crass these may be,

what a host of adherents and advocates they find! Sometimes it seems as if anything would "go" in America, for a time at least, no matter by whom originated or sponsored.

It is necessary, also, to consider the readiness with which we pass on judgments and opinions, and the great variety of interpretations of our national life which make it so difficult for the people of other nations to understand our attitude and purpose. It is always a menace to Christianity, for example, when any of those who profess to believe our holy religion misconstrue its spirit and teachings. But it is especially dangerous when those high in authority, who are commissioned to speak as interpreters of the faith, give to men a wrong impression of the doctrines and duties of Christianity. Likewise, it is regrettable when the most inconspicuous citizen of our great Republic fails to appreciate what is in the heart of the Nation, and proclaims to others an altogether wrong judgment concerning American life and ideals. But how much more to be regretted when those high in station, who are appointed specifically to interpret America to other people, fail to grasp the inner truth of our national aspirations and objectives, and thus present to the world a caricature instead of a portrait, a grotesque gargoyle instead of a symmetrical and beautiful structure. It must always be remembered that "spiritual things are spiritually discerned." The pagan and materialist are not qualified, therefore, to interpret the spirit either of an individual or of a nation. The man who proclaims the selfishness and sordidness and lack of idealism of our country, and discounts the holy fires burning in the American heart, may be entirely sincere in his belief that he is telling the simple truth; and yet what he says may be a shameful lie, because he is spiritually incapable of perceiving the deeper truths which can only be spiritually discerned.

The summons to college men in these difficult days to be heralds and defenders of the truth is, therefore, fundamentally a challenge to the cultivation of the spiritual nature.

The man who starves his immortal soul becomes daily more incapable both of discerning and imparting the truth. The man who allows himself to become too busy for the main business of living, which is the building of an immortal soul, is subjecting himself to the tyranny of deceit and fraud and sham. The man who is too busy to pray, to study the Word of the living God, to hold communion with the Author of his being in holy places dedicated to worship—that man is a great deal busier than the Lord God Almighty ever intended a man should be. He is selling himself to delusion, and whether he knows it or not, he is becoming a slave of him who “loveth and maketh a lie.” It is only to those who “strike the spiritual note” in their own lives and in their own homes that this supreme promise is held out: “Ye shall know the truth.”

In the face of every obstacle, and in spite of all the handicaps that might be named, *truth has a better chance than ever.* It has in it the essence of immortality. We do not need to whistle to keep up our courage when we say that “truth is mighty,” and that it “will and must prevail.” What chance has the truth today? A better chance than it has ever had in all the history of mankind. The marvelous inventions and discoveries which have made the world one neighborhood, and which bring to our breakfast table reports from every continent, have multiplied the opportunities of truth and made it ever more difficult for falsehood to conceal its face and to deceive the nations. Never have there been so many “great hearts” in the world, ready and willing to make sacrifices for the truth; and in the soul of mankind there is a growing hatred of all that is essentially false and misleading. The very God of truth is summoning us today to “speak the truth in love,” and to live true to truth in all the relationships into which we are called to enter. To be a champion of truth is to be a real soldier of Him who said, “*I am the Truth.*” The fashion of this world is changing; empires are rising and falling; time is testing all our theories; and nothing shall

stand at last which is not founded on the Rock of Ages. He is "the same yesterday, and today, yea and forever."

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee—
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they!"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

V.

IS FAITH IN A GOD OF LOVE RECONCILABLE
WITH THE PRACTICAL ASPECTS OF EVIL?

ELMER L. COBLENTZ.

I. JUSTIFICATION OF ATTEMPTS.

Someone with better rhetoric than reason has said: "It is man's duty to rectify his ways to God, not justify God's ways to men." How in all honesty can any man's ways be rectified to God unless His ways can be known, understood and found worthy and reliable? No man can behave with confidence and greet the unseen with serious good cheer in an untrustworthy world. The simplest acts of moral life ultimately depend upon the assurance and the conviction that the world possesses a rational and sane good will. It is not haughty arrogance desiring to defy the gods or love of mental adventure, creeping out over the very crags and edges of thought, but the deep spiritual impulses, moral demands and practical needs of life that impel repeated arraignments of the idea of Providence before the bar of human judgment and moral reason, in reverent and honest effort to discern more clearly the mind and heart of God, "whom to know aright is life eternal." This is as inescapable as love and pain and fear and death. Only the shallow in soul and the indolent in thought have no problem. Where there is no problem, no thought on the meaning and purpose of life in terms of the eternal, there is no real human life, only the contentment of animal existence. The spiritual way of meeting intellectual and moral difficulties is not by timid acquiescence (submission never made a hero), but by thinking and living them through. Written large over the heart of God is not the tyrant's command, "Submit ye subjects in cringing fear," but the earnest solicitation of high-minded love, "Come and see, and learn

of Me." This is man's supreme venture, and he who makes this venture is the messenger of God and the apostle of love to his own age, and the prophet of the ages unborn. "Yes;¹ the moment you sit down and try to help on things you are embarrassed and in confusion until you have some idea as to what everything means to you, or is going to be made to mean to you. You must begin with some theology or with some no-theology. For it is life and death which compel us to think and think until we find some meaning which enables us to deal with the one and look the other in the face. Jesus began with God. And that, I repeat, is the most practical thing in the world. For how can we set out unless we know where we are going . . . unless, indeed, we are, as we say, out merely for a walk. But in this life of ours we are not out merely for a walk; we are on a journey. And a journey implies already a destination, and, please God, a welcome at the end."

II. FACTS TO BE FACED.

No one may be entirely able "to see life steady and see it whole." We may see things not only as *they* are, but as *we* are. But whether as they are or as we are, there is the persistent testimony of those who see best, that excludes the possibility of complete delusion, to a whole series of facts that make it hard for honest people to repeat the first article of the Apostles' Creed and accept whole-heartedly the implications of Theism. The facts seem to refute the faith. The faith seems to ignore the facts.

A casual walk on most any day, if attended with anything like the keen observations of the modern dramatist of the Book of Job,² will meet up with such scenes of destruction, such evidences of the horrible struggle for existence, as to induce the observer to conclude that life is a mad dance of death rather than a love scene. Plants with fungus disease and

¹ John A. Hutton, "The Proposal of Jesus."

² H. G. Wells, "The Undying Fire," from which some of the following illustrations are taken.

starved sun-baked leaves withering in a relentless sun. Even where the growth is luxuriant, there are thousands of helpless stalks being smothered and choked by the stronger. A bird with a broken wing, a fledgling blown from its nest, a half-dead rabbit torn and left in agony, ghastly evidences of the unequal battle. "Nature red in tooth and claw" dripping with blood and echoing one pitiful cry of pain and death.

Not only is this battle on between animals, but also between men and animals. The plateaus in the stately mountain ranges where the elk grow big are the scenes of savage cruelty. Elk teeth are valuable for a type of ivory. While it is illegal, yet crippled and dead elk lie in numbers over the ranges, the victims of the greed for gain. Then think, too, of the myriads of bacilli that eat out our lives in tuberculosis and fevers. Add to this man's inhumanity to man; children underfed and going to school hungry; widows, some made widows by lack of safety devices on the machines over which the men worked, weakened by the ceaseless toil to maintain the little flock, lying pale, weak and ill in a cold room on a severe night with the temperature going lower and the last scuttle of coal, the price of which had to be high to make big dividends, growing less. Think, too, of doctors, ministers and public servants contracting disease from the careless and unclean or the victims of malice and ill will, drawn, crippled and helpless in body, and saddened and depressed in spirit. The people we meet, many of them, are looking out upon life through dull gray eyes, "dead to rapture," into the future from which enthusiasm has faded and hope has flown. Graves, not only in the cemeteries, not only in Flander's field (the grave can never bury its grief), but fallen ideals and dead loyalties, deeply buried in the tomb of the heart—these, too, with ghost-like horror ask, Where is God? This is no caricature; neither is it a portraiture; but only one side of the picture of life. But he would paint the face of the world with these features entirely left out would be no artist.

It might be more agreeable to say:

"I find earth not gray but rosy,
When I stand I stare,
When I stoop I pluck a posy."

However, man is not set free by agreeableness, but by the truth. If to dwell on the misery of life produces morbid pessimism, to ignore it and dangle before our eyes only the pleasant produces a shallow and slushy optimism, that has neither stability nor virility adequate for a steadying and conquering faith for those beaten and baffled or those doing and daring in life. It is the sad and stern side of life that is the crux of theism, from which cross no philosophy or theology dare come down to save itself. With quivering lip and trembling emotion, out of the confusion and distress millions of the children of God are asking the leaders of religion to "show us the Father." This is the hardest but also the holiest service.

III. SOME ATTEMPTS AT RECONCILIATION.

1. Perhaps the easiest and most thorough answer is that of divine sovereignty or absolute imperialism. God as almighty monarch out of his own secret and inscrutable wisdom has decreed what is and shall be. World events down to the minutest circumstance in each individual life are the unrolling of the scroll or the reproducing of the record on time's machine that was set in the beginning in the heavens. This settles everything. It demands not acquaintance, but submission. It does not admit of any necessity for reconciliation. It considers such an attempt as impertinent. Whatever is right, because God wills it, and He doeth all things well. Judas and the profiteer, the Turk and Tammany Hall come not by chance, but by His fatherly hand.

This is pure fatalism, as much so as Mohammedanism. It does not reconcile, it only crushes. When honest inquiry concerning life is met by a repetition of the barren phases of divine imperialism, it is not a solution that is given, but a signal for the cessation of all thought. The moral implica-

tions involved in the ideas of divine sovereignty which can not escape the conclusion that God is the volitional agent of all evils and ills make of God a Moloch to be hated, and not Our Father to be revered and loved.

2. *The Method of Christian Science.*—Christian science seeks to get rid of difficulties by denying them. It does not admit the objective reality of the ills and pain of life. Matter is a consolidated dream, a congealed thought, a solidified emotion. Pain is a delusion, a twisted attitude. What we call evil and wretched circumstances are only thoughts out of tune, discords in the brain. The landlord's threat of expulsion for unpaid rent, an empty purse and unemployment, indigestion and rheumatism, the yelping of a mongrel dog that makes night hideous, a fresh-made grave, a diminishing self-respect and oncoming remorse for some sin, are mental illusions that can be removed by self-hypnotism or readjustments of attitudes toward the All Good. God is good; God is all; therefore all is good. With Mark Twain we can say, in all reverence, "Good God!" Christian science, as a species of docetism, emphasizes a factor in human life long neglected by a mechanical dogmatism and has been an escape for many souls from religious frigidity and atrophy. But nevertheless it is fundamentally a travesty rather than a truth and has not the power of reconciliation, for denial of a difficulty is not triumph over it.

3. *Human Limitation.*—Whenever the question of God's moral government of the world is under consideration, one of the ever-ready arguments is that of the limitation of our human judgment. We are only human and can not comprehend the Infinite and His mysterious ways. He has some loving purpose running through it all, if we only had power to see it. Who can presume to know the great secret purposes of the omniscient God? This was one of the arguments used against Job by his friends and has been a mighty fortress, if not a weapon, for such minds ever since, because of its implied humility and reverence. It, however, puts us mortals in a

position, as it were, with a high wall between us and God over which we can not see, yet we are advised to believe that beyond that wall are just so many rows, and so many stalks to the row, all of which are good. Just how these advisers, who are likewise on this side of the wall and with human limitations, can come into the possession of this supposedly superior knowledge is either a mystery or unconscious conceit.

If the argument of sovereignty involves the denial of human rights (to a sovereign a subject has no inherent rights, only duties), the argument of human limitation involves the denial of the validity and reliability of man's moral judgment. If God's ways are not only above our ways, but so far different from our ways that war and wretchedness that seem so wicked to us are according to His ways, loving beneficence, if only our human limitations did not prevent us from seeing aright, if our sense of justice is so entirely untrustworthy, so that what to us seems wrong, what offends our conscience and outrages our reason may be right with God, then we have no basis for moral action, and the words right and wrong have no meaning whatever.

Jesus, with all his profound recognition of human limitations in moral judgment and his sense of God's superiority, never completely severed the two. To Him human judgment was sacred and when unbiased by prejudice rang true. In the parables of the lost sheep and the lost boy and the good Samaritan, Jesus asks, "Which one of you?" "What would you do?" He appeals to and recognizes the reliability of that native unspoiled moral judgment for discerning and approving the morally right. He recognized and awaited that deep amen that echoes in every life when confronted by simple moral truth. He who tells his fellowmen to believe that the agonized cries of life are only parts of a great love song if they could but hear better, and that its great wail of pain is a hallelujah chorus, but for human limitation of discernment, is asking them to padlock their brains and chloroform their consciences and repudiate God's presence within, which many are not willing to do.

4. *Even-handed Justice.*—Attempted solutions, when both terms in the problem of reconciliation are recognized, float between placing all responsibility for life's tangle on God and all on humanity. What might be termed the theory of even-handed justice accomplishes its reconciliation by making the moral acts of man the sole cause of all the trouble. The whole order of the earth from the beginning would have been one glad sweet song but for a slip by the original and every ancestor since. The blasting heat and the biting cold, the savagery of animals and the cravings of natural desires that entail so many possible sorrows are all the inevitable and just penalties of wrong. We get just what we deserve. We reap only and exactly what we sow.

This theory denies neither the hard facts of life nor the love of God, but thinks all life in every detail is an exact reflection of a just administration of deserved rewards and punishments. If we work hard and save our money and a reckless brother-in-law, after a life of dissipation by which he has ruined the fair life of our sister, unloads himself and his degenerate offspring upon us, we are to be comforted by the thought that God is always right and just and we only get what we deserve. The philosophy, be good and you will be prosperous, if you are not prosperous you have not been good, was a fatal fallacy of the Hebrew teaching. It crops out in many places. It is sung in the first Psalm and argued with almost brutal candor in the book of Job.

There is some truth in this idea of exact justice. We can never escape from, and should have an increasing sense of, our own responsibility for our own condition and position in life. However, some reap what they have not sown and some sow what they do not reap, because some one else does the reaping.

For a mother with a child crippled because she had to work at inhuman tasks, or an honest father who has been robbed by a shrewd purveyor of worthless stocks, to hear on Sunday from the pulpit that afflictions and poverty are evi-

dences of divine justice visited upon wrongdoers, and prosperity and comfort are evidences of divine favor, is too heathenish to be tolerated, especially in a pulpit called Christian and in the name of the very Christ who died in a holy effort to destroy that philosophy and whose cross forever stands as its complete refutation.

But it is argued in the long run exact justice is done and each one is properly rewarded. A drama can not be judged by one act. There everything is all awry. Neither hero nor villain has yet come to his own. Give it a chance to work out to the last page of the last chapter, then each goes to his own place on exact merit. Give God time and all will eventually be just and right.

Is injustice and misery, then, only immature justice? Are the ills of life but good—on the way? Are they part of or in spite of God's good will? Furthermore, in fiction, at last they live happily ever afterwards, but life is more strange than fiction.

In the "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," Grey has voiced that deeper fact of life that in secluded spots sleep many hearts that died with their song unsung, crushed by the cold and cruel circumstances of life. "Pickets frozen on duty" because nations were mad for money or might; "Socrates drinking the hemlock and Jesus on the rood," because they dared to save their own people—these and not novels, that always "end right," are truer indices of life. There is truth and therefore comfort in this long-run theory. Its discernment does prevent fretful impatience. But it can not be accepted as universally applicable, for facts, and facts though embarrassing should be considered, contradict the theory so frequently.

It will be contended that the run must be even longer than this span of life. It must reach beyond the grave. Life is too short for a complete adjustment of rewards and punishments. Here will be sin and sorrow and suffering. Here the wicked may prosper and the righteous may suffer. Here

the innocent and the gentle may suffer and the impudent and haughty may triumph. But over there the crooked will be made straight, justice will be done, exact rewards will be given, and the whole tangle will be adjusted by the direct action of God.

This very doctrine of future bliss was born out of despair. It is the refuge erected by the soul against its sense of outraged justice here. It has fascinated, sustained and saved millions of souls from utter ruin and defeat in the unequal battle through the dark hours. The thought of vindication and readjustment and rest and peace over there has been a haunting dream that, like angel faces, beckoned, allured and cheered. The hope of rest and a sweet release from an almost unbearable lot is a balm to broken hearts. With a solemn joy eyes moisten and lips tremble when in tender tones is sung:

"I see the rainbow through the rain,
I know the promise is not in vain,
The morn shall tearless be."

While it is pure dogmatism to assert just what will or will not be done in a realm after this, yet this idea of complete adjustment in the future is beset by several disturbing considerations. Does not the very admission that almighty love does not and perhaps can not make exact justice prevail here prompt the question whether there is any absolute assurance that He can make it prevail over there? Is there some reserve power not now being used which will later be brought into action? If there is such reserve, why is it not used now? If there is no such reserve, from what source will it come for the future triumph? To defer or postpone an issue is not to solve it. Also by what process will this dream come true? Will it be by the external application of omnipotence or by the ethical processes with which Jesus has made us familiar?

The extension of the time beyond the borders of this life further complicates the issue. If immortality carries with it the possibility of the eternal damnation of sinners, and

sinners are all those out of "covenant relation with Christ" (whatever that may mean) and some others, then what hope for justice does this extension of time beyond this life contain for great masses of hungry, bleeding, bruised and broken human beings? It only adds the horrors of hell to the sorrows of earth; the tortures of eternity to the terrors of time. If the book of Job is an arraignment of the current Jewish theory of Providence before the facts of this life, second Esdras is an arraignment before the theories of the next life. Glory songs may be a means of escape from despair, but an escape is not a triumph, nor is it a reconciliation of the love of God with the practical aspects of evil.

5. *Divine Discipline.*—A very attractive theory of reconciliation is that of divine discipline. It recognizes the evils and hard facts of life, but considers them as permitted or administered by a loving God for the purpose of disciplining the soul in virtue and righteousness. They are necessary to work out the good. Life is a school; misfortunes are the great School Master's ways of training his pupils. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

If moral evil and physical ills are necessary and the only condition of the good, then they will always be indispensable, now and forever, for the sake of the good. If the ills and hardships of life are purely disciplinary, then the end justifies the means, and any evil that in any way acts as a discipline is not only justifiable, but necessary, and thereby ceases to be evil. If evil is the chisel with which to carve out the angel, then no chisel, no angel. To injure a child in anger is not wrong, because it disciplines the mother in tender ministrations and the child in endurance. The bacilli lodged in polluted water or adulterated food because of gross neglect, setting up wild delirium in death-dealing fevers, are sent as God's loving discipline. The neglect is not evil because the patient is so brave, the attendants so careful and the family so gentle. War is not hell, but divine discipline in heroism and self-sacrifice. Of what discipli-

nary value, indeed, can the wallowings of the epileptic and the ravings of the insane and other such maladies be? To call these or the poverty that is caused by indolence, ignorance or greed God's loving discipline is to expose oneself to ridicule. Because a real Christian can and will use all his experiences in life for discipline, it does not follow that they were sent as a discipline. Surely we are under, and glad to be under, God's discipline, but many things in life are not divinely sent. They are simply damnable and should not be painted with platitudes or baptized with divine names for the sake of saving a theory.

IV. A MODIFIED IDEA OF GOD.

It is quite noticeable that the attempts at reconciliation made till within recent years, however much they have differed in detail, all proceed from practically the same idea of God. God in every instance was a detached and absent sovereign with an indomitable will and unlimited physical power. He acted in upon the world as His own plan occasioned or the pleas of the people may have demanded. Life with all its experiences was fitted into this theory of God and providence.

The more recent attempts are not simply others added to the long list, but the beginning of a new list which proceed from a different viewpoint and by a different process. They start not with an inherited notion of omnipotence and try to fit life into that, but with the facts of life and seek to re-formulate an idea or picture of God from them.

1. *Divine Immanence*.—The discovery of the uniformity and reliability of the actions of the physical world and the advent of the democratic spirit in society supplanting the magical and the imperialistic made a new concept or interpretation of God inevitable. The divine as the unexplainable, and the more strange the more divine has yielded to the divine as the knowable, and the more orderly the more divine. The region of irrationality is no longer the sacred.

The idea of a world acted upon by demons, spirits or God from without is melting away in the atmosphere of the great discovery of natural sequence and causation, like an iceberg that is slipping into the south seas.

This world view called the scientific has permeated all thinking and given impetus to the doctrine of divine immanence. Nature's immutable behavior is declared to be God's way of acting. God does not break into the order. He does not need to; He is already in. The order itself is His mode of behavior in material things. This doctrine of divine immanence has brought light into the darkness and relief from confusion. Under its illumination men have discovered that many of the ills of life are due to sheer ignorance and failure of adaptation to the great laws of nature of which humanity is a part. A mother with two blind children consulted a noted specialist, lamenting her plight and railing against God. The doctor told her the children did not have to be blind. After restoring their sight by a careful operation, he explained to the mother that their blindness was due to certain physical laws that had been ignored. The light which that mother saw was greater and more glorious than that which fell upon the newly opened eyes of the children. Thomas Huxley in that celebrated lecture^a in which he defines a liberal education as "the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, including not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest desire to move in harmony with those laws," uses a forceful illustration to further clarify his position. He refers to the famous painting by Retzsch, where a youth sits at the chess board checkmated by Satan, who has a cunning and satisfied grin at the youth's defeat. Huxley says: "Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an

^a "A Liberal Education," delivered to the South London Workingmen's College, 1868.

image of human life." "The rules of the game"—ah, how that cuts into the blackness!—brushes aside the darkness and removes much of the mystery. What multitudes are raving against their fate, suffering in stolid silence, or sending up piteous pleadings to what they suppose is, but is not, God, when relief and joy and new life might be theirs by knowing the rules of the game and playing them with the Great Companion.

To teach men that it is evidence of great religious faith to patiently endure or fervently expect release by supernatural intervention from what reasonable intelligence knows can only and might easily be secured by wise coöperation with the normal natural processes is a crime against God and man. Reverence may love to posit omnipotence in some realm above the earth, ever ready to interpose in behalf of His own, but reverence will have to learn, even though it may be heart-breaking for the time, that its satisfaction is no substitute for, or escape from, reality. Our actual world does not respect our artificial paradises, even though they be sincerely manufactured. The real world is too religious to make either superstition sacred or necessary. Providence as divine occasionalism, as an explanation of life, ceases to explain. Supernaturalism as *contra* naturalism, as a description of the behavior of the world, will have to be abandoned in the interest of religion, because it has been outgrown. Much of the mystery ceases and the reconciliation is hastened when we no longer allow ourselves to assume that the irregularities and ethical enormities of existence are specifically intended or consciously willed by omnipotent love. Religion does contain a fine element of mystery, but it is the mystery of light, not of darkness. To blindfold ourselves for the sake of a sense of mystery is to miss the majestic mysteries of the illumined mountain peaks and sun-crowned towers of life.

While the transition in the idea of God from a remote absentee deity to an immanent potency, acting not occasion-

ally in supernatural ways, but constantly according to natural laws, a transition induced by the scientific spirit and expressed theologically in the doctrine of divine immanence, did light up many a dark region and unravel many a perplexity and beget a new impulse in humanity to subdue the earth; and while it is producing the most significant literature and the most upstanding champions of God and faith and righteousness, men free from the dead weight of a decadent thought, the vagaries of soft emotionalism and the blight of premillennialism, made vigorous by a new disclosure of the nature of God, yet this new-found method which seemed the final answer and the ultimate solution of the mystery of existence has not fulfilled entirely the fond hopes entertained for it. Skeptics thought science had woven the shroud for religion, and Darwin was the high priest officiating at its long-delayed funeral. But both science and religion found that religion is something other than the substance or subject with which science deals and stand sobered by this discovery. Theology, recovering from its first terror, made its readjustment and went into wild jubilee over the new power now placed in its possession for reading the mystery and meaning of life. But it, too, found that the new answers did not entirely answer, and that life was still much larger than even this theory of life. If nature's laws were God's ways of acting, then God still stood condemned before the bar of man's moral sense, for both non-human and human nature, by slow and orderly process, were behaving shamefully.

The facts of life now seemed to reflect on the moral integrity of God, if nature's ways were God's ways. Does not nature by the slow, precise process spew into existence masses of human beings that are idiots utterly incapable physically and mentally of meeting the requirements of civilized life; masses that will be full of spite and hate that will flounder in the dark and go down in darkness? Does not nature in its process crowd life with bacteria and parasites

deadly to beast and man? Does not nature by slow process freeze, starve and kill with utter indifference?⁴

The scientific world is certainly more intelligible and usable than the ancient world. This is surely an advantage. But the power which science has revealed can be snatched by villain as well as by saint. The world seems rational, but not loving. It seems to have a head, but it does not always seem to have a heart. The passage from divine occasionalism to divine immanence does not reconcile faith in a God of love with the evil either of the process or its results.

2. *Finitism*.—This is an effort at reconciliation by redefining the word or idea of omnipotence as applied to God. It recognizes the absolute and irrevocable laws of nature. It knows that these laws prevail, but it seeks to save God's moral integrity by affirming that the real God of this world is confined to the realm of spiritual ideals and is Himself doing His best, like Jesus was with the physical and the natural world, over which He does not have complete physical control.

Finitism certainly makes a sincere and in many ways quite a satisfactory reconciliation. It may do so at too great a sacrifice of some other essential elements, as all other theories did. The God which it sees may not be the *Unlimited Almighty* with which theology has tried to invest our Father; indeed, the *finitist's God* may be as helpless, so to speak, and yet as almighty as Jesus was, but certainly He is a God whom one can love and revere and with and for whom one can die in the companioned fight against the huge bulk of animalism and naturalism, which was not quite so possible either with the God of remote transcendence or the God of natural uniformity. The finitist's God is certainly more lovable, for He is not guilty of the many enormities with which He could be honestly chargeable under many other theories.

Finitism suffers somewhat from its very name. Its par-

⁴ H. G. Wells, *Ibid.*

ents should have baptized it differently. There is a natural aversion to the idea of having our strong God reduced. Finitism, however, is not reducing God. It is only trying to find Him and define Him as they find Him. To say a man can not see around a corner is not to limit man, but to accurately describe him. As it was not the mill ponds, but the theories of astronomy, that were likely to spill when it was first declared that the earth revolved, so it may be that it is not God, but our theories of omnipotence, that will be affected, by this new attempt at reconciliation. It is hard for the world to surrender its faith in the supremacy of physical power. The Jewish Messiah had to be a magical working personage for the protection and triumph of his people. Jesus was not this. The book of Revelation in its attempted portrayal of Jesus in bloody triumphant physical power is a most terrible misrepresentation of his real character. So it may be hard for theology to surrender its idea of omnipotence as physical power and think of omnipotence as spiritual adequacy. Just as we are finding in the political state that we must give up the idea of the supremacy of might as we are trying to make this transition from a faith in the omnipotence of force, or rather as we are discovering the ultimate impotence of physical force, so we may be compelled to make a similar transition and confession of faith in the region of our thinking about our Father and find Him once more wounded, bruised, and on the cross rather than panoplied in imperialistic splendor or operating in cosmic majesty by natural laws. Finitism does not entirely satisfy, but it does help to break up the world-old heresy, faith in the supremacy of physical might, in its last stronghold, the character of God.

3. *The New Transcendence.*—Every serious attempt to disclose the nature of God is also an attempt at reconciliation, for this is involved in every thorough thought of God. What can not be considered a distinct thought system, but a worthy insight, may be called the new transcendence. This

is not a return to the transcendence of detachment prior to the advent of modern science and the doctrine of immanence. It thoroughly recognizes and consistently participates in the scientific spirit and method. Like finitism, it is a protest against identifying God with naturalism. Instead of redefining omnipotence, it redefines transcendence. It accepts the uniformity of natural law, but does not recognize it as God's final law, as was the tendency in much evolutionary philosophy and theology. It does not expect the natural to be suspended or violated by the action of an outside deity, but to be used by an immanent transcendent spirit. Transcendence and immanence are not antithetic. Immanence is a term of location. Transcendence is a term of valuation. Transcendence does not mean above the earth in space, but superior to the world spirit in value. The transcendent God, who is superior to the world spirit, is immanent. Nature may be "red in tooth and claw," but Jesus was not; therefore Jesus is transcendent, not contrary to nature. The kings of this world lord it over by the natural law of "the longest paw and the sharpest claw," but it shall not be so among you; but he that will be greatest let him be the servant of all. Therefore the Christian spirit of helpfulness transcends, is superior to the natural law of domination. God is this ideal-achieving, conduct-enforcing, transcendent spirit that is "closer to us than breathing and nearer than hands or feet." To say by faith we see, or shall some day see, a huge physical individual sitting in the heavens called God is to talk nonsense. Faith does not see physical things, eyes are for that, but spiritual things and God is a spirit. To see God is to discern and know the ultimate approach and presence of this good will that transcends by its ideal achieving power everything natural, including the two great natural laws of race propagation, which, without being transcended by pure love, is animal lust, and race maintainance, which, without being transcended by the spirit of fairness

and brotherhood, becomes pure greed and the growl of the jungle.

As was pointed out years ago, in a book⁵ that makes whole shelves of other theological volumes almost useless, and again recently,⁶ the conflict is not between science and religion, but between naturalism and religion. Science has won forever its battle over the old supernaturalism. Religion now must win over naturalism. The new transcendence knows and rejoices in this, and therefore bends itself to that battle—the triumph of religion of the life of the ideal achieving spirit over the lust, the greed, the hate, the cunning, the contentment, the animalism, the naturalism of humanity expressed in the very institutions and habits of our society. It does not expect a remote omnipotence to suspend or alter the law of gravitation on occasion; but it does expect God, the immanent holy spirit, that transcends the spirit of “let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die,” to suspend, check and destroy the spirit of unfairness, of desire to get more than we earn, the spirit of exploitation, domination and all unbrotherliness. No theory of reconciliation will be final. It is man’s eternal quest, which now is leading along the way of defining omnipotence in terms of spiritual adequacy and transcendence in terms of superiority to naturalism.

If we believe that revelation is unveiling, but that the veil is on the face of man and not on the face of God, and if we believe that asking and seeking, not merely talking with our eyes shut and calling it prayer, but honestly grappling with rising necessities in the great chaotic situations of life, will be rewarded with new disclosures of our Father by removing the veil from our own faces, then may we not expect some discoveries, some answers on reconciliation out of the welter of our present confusion? Can we believe that by facing life with the spirit of truth we will be guided—not dragged, but guided—into truth? And if we see God the Truth to-

⁵ George Burman Foster, “The Finality of the Christian Religion,” 1906.

⁶ Albert Parker Fitch, “Preaching and Paganism.”

day, will we turn away from the new disclosure because both as church and state we have much possessions? To follow Him is the great reconciliation.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer alway;
E'en though thou other be
Than prophets say,
Other thou art but higher
Bidding our souls aspire
Godward alway." 7

READING, PA.

7 "Godward," by Paul Carus.

VI.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE PURITANS TO AMERICA

GEORGE W. RICHARDS

The Puritans doubtless contributed Puritanism to America; an assertion that needs not proof, but definition. Whence came and what was Puritanism? What form did it assume in the New World? That is the subject for our consideration.

Puritanism was not primarily a finished doctrine or institution; it was an attitude and a disposition toward the ultimates of human life—God, man, and the world.* To use an expressive German word, it was a *Lebensanschauung*—a view of life. Its antitheses are Catholicism or Anglicanism on the one hand and humanism or secularism on the other. There have been Puritan groups in all races and religions. In relation to Judaism and paganism, primitive Christianity was puritanic. In the history of the church the sect, in its protest against the established order, was puritanic. We need but mention the Montanists, the Donatists, the Waldensees, the Wycliffites, and the Hussites.

In the English Reformation the term received a specific meaning and was applied to a distinctive party with definite geographical and chronological limits. It is this form of Puritanism whose influence we are to trace in American life.

I

To define it we must follow it to its fontal source. Thomas Hooker, in the Preface of his Ecclesiastical Polity, says: "A founder it [Puritanism] had whom, for mine own part, I think incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church did enjoy, since the hour it enjoyed him." Of course,

he referred to John Calvin. In 1588 Archbishop Bancroft charged the Scotch Presbyterians with "Genevating," and the English Puritans with "Scotticising" in their discipline. English Puritanism was Genevan Calvinism wrought out on English soil, by English minds, under the social, political, and religious conditions of England from the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1558, to the death of Cromwell, 1658. In his quaint epigrammatic way Thomas Fuller described the rise and growth of non-conformity, which to him was the same as Puritanism, in a single paragraph:

"For now non-conformity, in the days of King Edward, was conceived; which afterwards in the reign of Queen Mary (but beyond the sea at Frankfort) was born; which, under King James, grew up a young youth or tall stripling, but, toward the end of King Charles' reign, shot up to full strength and stature of a man, able not only to cope with, but conquer, the hierarchy, its adversary."

A little further on in his narrative, Fuller defines three kinds of dissenters: first, "ancient non-conformists, here in King Edward's days, who desired only to shake down the leaves of episcopacy, misliking some garments about them"; second, "middle non-conformists, in the end of Queen Elizabeth and beginning of King James, who struck at the branches thereof—the chancellors and officials, and other appendant limbs, which they endeavored to remove"; third, "modern non-conformists, who did lay 'the axe to the root of the tree,' to cut down the function itself, as unlawful and unchristian."

This is a highly figurative description of three degrees, not kinds, of Puritanism, each having its own conception of the government of the church. They may be designated as the Episcopal Puritans, who favored the prayer-book, the bishops, and the establishment, but desired to purify its worship and to reform its doctrine and morals. They agreed with Bishop Hall, the apologist of Anglicanism, that it is "better to swallow a ceremony than to rend a church."

They would "separate, not from the Church of England, but from its corruptions." The second class were the Presbyterian Puritans, who agreed with the Anglicans in desiring a state church, but in place of the prelacy they demanded presbytery. For that, and that only, was the government prescribed in the New Testament. The third group was the Congregational Puritans, who, for conscience sake, were separatists, opposing the union of church and state, the authority of pope or prelate, presbyter or prince, over the congregation, and the compromise by the Christian with the world's way of life. To summarize, the Episcopal Puritans wanted purification of the church, the Presbyterians reformation, and the Congregationalists separation.

As Puritans they were all loyal to the Bible as they understood it, and they strove to conform their words and deeds to the will of God. But they differed in their interpretation of the Bible, especially on the government of the church, while in doctrine, worship, and piety they were not widely apart.

The contrast between Puritans and Anglicans is clearly drawn by Bradford in his history of the Plymouth Plantation. He says:

"The one side labored to have ye right worship of God and discipline of Christ established in ye church, according to ye simplicity of ye gospel, without mixture of men's inventions, and to have and be ruled by ye laws of God's word, dispensed in those offices and by those officers of pastors, teachers, elders, etc., according to ye Scriptures."

"The other party—that is, the Anglicans—though under many colors and pretenses, endeavored to have ye episcopal dignities (after ye popish manner), with their large power and jurisdiction, still retained; with all these courts, canons, and ceremonies, together with all such livings, revenues, and subordinate officers, with other such means as formerly upheld their anti-Christian greatness, and enabled them with lordly and tyrannous power to persecute ye poore servants of

God." These are definitions and distinctions made by contemporaries and successors of the Puritans in the seventeenth century. None of them, however, is sufficiently comprehensive to furnish a satisfactory interpretation of the movement.

To go more into detail, we find the term Puritan first applied to a party in England about 1564. Those of the clergy who refused to subscribe to the liturgy, ceremonies, and discipline of the English Church "were branded with the odious name of Puritans, a name which in this nation first began in this year." In 1568 the Spanish Ambassador wrote to King Philip: "Those who call themselves of the *religio purissima* go on increasing. They are styled Puritans because they allow no ceremonies, nor any forms save those which are authorized by the bare letter of the gospel. They will not come to the churches which are used by the rest, nor will they allow their ministers to wear any marked or separate dress. Some of them have been taken up, but they have no fear of prison." Shakespeare uses the word a half dozen times, but always reproachfully. Lord Bacon said of them: "A small number of very silly and base people, here and there in corners dispersed; they are now, thanks to God, by the good remedies that have been used, suppressed and worn out." James I said to them at the Hampton Court Conference: "You are aiming at a Scotch Presbytery which agrees with monarchy, as well as God and the devil."

In the broad sense of the term Puritanism was both a protest and an affirmation. The protest was rooted in, and the necessary outgrowth of, the affirmation.

1. It was a protest against ritualism including priestly vestments, an elaborate liturgy, and various ceremonies attached to official acts, such as the sign of the cross in baptism, the use of the ring in marriage, and the bending of the knee at the name of Jesus. These were regarded as "badges of Rome," "dregs of popery," and "the livery of anti-Christ." Hooper, when he was made Bishop of Gloucester, refused to

wear the episcopal vestments at his consecration to office. Jewell, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, wrote to Peter Martyr that the doctrine of the church was pure, "but as to ceremonies and maskings there is little too much foolery. . . . God alone knows what will be the issue. The slow-paced horses retard the chariot."

2. On the heel of the protest against the cap and surplice, cross and ring, and other "idolatrous gear," came the protest against prelacy or episcopacy. In *Admonitions to Parliament*, by Field and Wilcox (1572), we find the following: "Neither is this controversy between them and us as for a cap, a tippet or a surplice, but for great matters concerning a true ministry and regiment of the church according to the Word; which things, once established, the others melt away of themselves." It was not merely an adiaphoron, but an anti-Christian invention. For every student of the canon law knew that the supremacy of bishops was founded not on divine command in the Scriptures, but upon "the custom of the Church."

This difference in church government came from a difference in premises. The Episcopal party held that the Scriptures were a perfect rule of faith, but not an authoritative standard of discipline and polity. These were matters which the Lord left to the discretion of the civil magistrate. The Puritans, on the contrary, maintained that, in discipline as in doctrine, nothing should be imposed as necessary which could not be proved from the Scriptures. In the words of Cartwright: "The holy Scriptures are not only a standard of doctrine, but of discipline and government, and the church of all ages is to be regulated by them." Robinson put the same thought in other words: "The order which Christ hath left in the Evangelists, Acts, Epistles to Timothy and Titus is a part of the gospel and object of faith as much as any other part of it."

The whole situation on the question of authority was well summarized by Bernard, who wrote: "The Papists plant the

ruling power of Christ in the Pope; the Protestants in the Bishop; the Puritans in the Presbytery; the Brownists in the body of the congregation, the multitude call the church."

3. The natural corollary to the protest against bishops was a protest against royal supremacy, the king's headship of the church, and absolute monarchy. In *Admonitions to Parliament*, Cartwright said:

"The Christian Sovereign ought not to be called Head under Christ of the particular and visible churches within his dominion; it is a title not fit for any mortal man. . . . Church matters ought ordinarily to be handled by church officers." Christ alone is head of the Church; neither pope nor king is to assume His place.

It must not be forgotten, however, that both Puritan and Anglican, in the words of Neal, "were for one religion, one uniform mode of worship, one form of discipline or church government for the whole nation, with which all must comply outwardly, whatever were there inward sentiments."

The Anglicans insisted on episcopacy, the Presbyterians on presbytery, the Separatists on congregationalism. In that respect they were equally wedded to the idea of uniformity and its enforcement by civil power. A free church in a free state and religious toleration were far beyond the reach of their vision. Both Barrow and Greenwood, original exponents of separation, taught that the civil magistrate had the right "to compel all to hear God's word."

4. The Puritan protest did not exhaust itself in denouncing man-made traditions and idolatries, bishops and litanies, kings and prelates; it broke over into the field of conduct. It was a protest against ungodly living, against May-poles and frolics, extravagance in dress, social foibles and follies. The test of godliness was the observance of the Sabbath. Nothing so incensed the Puritans as the publication of the *Book of Sports* by authority of King James I in 1618, in which the old popular games and dances for Sunday are recommended. This appeared to be nothing less than a royal

command to disobey God. The direct opposite of the Book of Sports was "The Doctrine of the Sabbath," by Nicholas Bownde, in 1595, in which he argued in favor of the perpetual authority of the Fourth Commandment and pleaded for a rigorous observance of the Holy Day. The oldest extant statement on the early Puritan Sabbath is from the year 1573: "There was no people walking abroad in the service time; no, not a dog or cat in the streets, neither any tavern door open that day, nor wine bibbing in them, but only alms, fasting, and prayer."

5. In theology the Puritans were ardent supporters of Calvinism with its twin-premises of the Sovereignty of God and the supremacy of the Word of God. They found difficulty in making the Thirty-nine Articles square with the prayer-book and were far better satisfied with the Lambeth Articles and the Genevan Book of Discipline. They bitterly denounced Arminianism and protested vigorously against all forms of liberalism, Arminianism, Arianism, Universalism, deism, and rationalism. For these were all relatively humanistic and of a piece with secular living, episcopal government, liturgical worship, in that they exalted the human factor in life at the expense of divine sovereignty and God's glory.

We have already said that Puritan protests were rooted in the Puritan affirmation—the sovereignty of God and the prevalence of His will in human life. That was the motive and the goal of Puritan endeavor. When the Marian exiles returned to England after Queen Mary's death, they were cheered by the rising hope, as they expressed it, that "we may teach and practice the true knowledge of God's word which we have learned in this our banishment and by God's merciful providence in the best Reformed Churches." Not a detail of life to which the Word did not apply. In the words of Hooker, "the Scriptures must be the rule to direct all things, even so far as to the taking up of a rush or a straw." The conscience was to be enlightened and controlled by the Scriptures as opposed to an unenlightened reliance

upon the priesthood and the outward ordinances of the Church. The Puritan discerned with prophetic insight and enthusiasm a higher spiritual order prevailing in the universe which he accepted as the expression of the mind of God, and therefore of more commanding authority than mere arrangements and requirements of men. To submit to this order was to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever, which is the chief end of man.

The divine sovereignty and the immediacy of the divine operations overshadowed, to the point of total eclipse, the human factor in life. No material symbols, no artistic creations, no mediating caste, no human authority, no historical ordinance, no man-made prayers and hymns, no monarchy, no mob, no personal preference or pleasure, was to become a barrier between God and the soul. God, through His word and spirit, wrought all things in all and through all His creatures and His saints, and for His glory, whether man be saved or damned, mattered nothing. Before the great Ruler of the Universe self-interest is subdued, human passion is restrained, and the mandates of kings and bishops are powerless.

II

The bearers of Puritanism to America were the pioneers of Plymouth and of Salem, distinguished often as Pilgrims and Puritans. Yet in a sense both were Pilgrims and Puritans. They were Pilgrims because they left their native land to find an asylum of religious and political liberty in a strange land, the one coming by way of Holland, the other directly from England. They were both Puritans in doctrine, worship, and piety, but they differed on church government and the relation of church and state.

The difference was voiced by Mr. Higginson, one of the Salem men, when he gathered his family and his followers around him on the prow of the vessel as it was sailing away from the English coast and said: "We will not say as the Separatists were wont to say, Farewell Babylon, farewell

Rome; but we will say, Farewell, dear England, farewell the Church of God in England. We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we can not but separate from the conceptions of it; but we go to practice the positive part of church reformation and to propagate the gospel in America."

They were Puritan reformists. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Puritan separatists. They protested against the Anglican as well as the Presbyterian Church. They "maintained that the Church of England, in its present condition, was no true church of Christ, but a limb of anti-Christ, or at best a mere creature of the state; that their ministers were not rightly called and ordained, nor the sacraments duly administered." It was so corrupt that it was irredeemable. To have remained in it would have been "connivance at sin." Thus for conscience's sake they turned separatists and were prepared to suffer exile and death before they would be conformists.

Nor were they content to abide by Presbyterianism, both on account of its ecclesiastical judicatories above the congregation and of its advocacy of the union of church and state. Greenwood and Barrow, original expounders of congregationalism, wrote a letter to Thomas Cartwright, one of the founders of Presbyterianism in England, protesting on biblical grounds against the aristocracy of Calvin in Geneva. Robinson defined the church as "a company consisting of two or three, separated from the world, whether un-Christian or anti-Christian, and gathered into the name of Christ by a covenant made to walk in all the ways of God known unto them, is a church and so hath the whole power of Christ." The whole power of Christ is lodged in the congregation, and no man, king, bishop, synod, or assembly has the right to assume that which belongs to the whole Church.

To summarize, the Separatist agreed with the Puritan in considering the Anglican reform incomplete, and in extending the reformation to morals as well as to ceremonies and

church government; in accepting the theology of Calvin as defined in the doctrinal standards of Westminster; in making the Bible the rule of faith and practice so as to conform life to the will of God revealed in the Scriptures. The Separatist differed from the Puritan in denying that the church is in any way under the control of the civil authorities, or that the congregation is in any way subject to a superior officer or judicatory; in affirming that the church is a society of converted persons who believe truly and live piously, and not merely a company of citizens living in a parish; that the congregation is self-governing and authoritative, possessed of freedom necessary to the fulfilment of its ethical ideals, the realization of the Christian purposes in the individual and in the social order.

Notwithstanding these differences, the Pilgrim and the Puritan quickly fused into a common church life in the New World. The Puritan turned separatist in relation to the Anglican Church and organized a new church upon a covenant, and the Pilgrim turned nationalist in establishing a close relation between civil and religious institutions. Divided in their origin, the Pilgrim and the Puritan were united in their history and became the progenitors of common puritan traditions in America.

Puritanism in this country may be considered both as a pervading spiritual influence and as definite doctrines and institutions. The latter are far more easily described than the former is defined. Doctrinally it was Calvinistic after the Westminster Standards and institutionally it consisted of a free non-liturgical worship, the congregational or presbyterial church government, and the rigorous observance of the Sabbath without recognition of any of the festivals of the church year.

As an influence it reached far beyond a particular colony or church. Professor Robert E. Thompson¹ says: "Puritanism has become a characteristic feature of the American

¹ "Hand of God in American History," p. 41.

mind. It has pervaded the religious and social life of the whole country, reaching those bodies which seemed most remote from its influence. The canons of the Roman Catholic synods of the Archdiocese of Baltimore exhibit its influence no less than the resolutions adopted by the conferences and assemblies of Protestant churches. It has left its trace in our literature and art which are freer from lubricity of every kind than those of any other modern people."

One may discern it in the simplicity and sincerity which are characteristic of our national ideal of life. It is the inveterate foe of shams and professionalism in religion, whether in clergy or laity. It insists upon a personal and direct relation between God and man and tolerates no mediating priest or ordinance, however ancient or revered they may be. Its enthusiasm for God's law and its punctilious observance appears in the almost idolatrous reverence for the Sabbath. It has little room for the æsthetic in architecture or in worship, but prefers the meeting house to the temple and the free service to the liturgy. It has been said "Puritanism lacks the two great humanizers of society—art and letters." At times it has become aggressively iconoclastic, breaking statues, melting bronzes, shivering stained-glass windows, cutting pictures to pieces, even offering twenty thousand pounds to Cromwell for the privilege of burning the York Minster—which the Protector wisely refused. But why should men shrink from burning minsters when, in the later words of Jonathan Edwards, they taught that "the bulk of mankind is reserved for burning."

The Puritan has a sense of personal election and divine commission to put God's will into effect in daily life and he will permit neither prince nor bishop to restrain him. He is a passionate preacher of reform when he finds an existing order, civil or ecclesiastical, corrupt and ungodly. To realize the word of God in life, individual and social, he will hazard even his life.

Virtues like these cast their shadows by the wayside. The

Puritan showed a certain contempt for the minor elegances of life—for letters, personal manners, social equipment and common pleasures.

Jane Turrell wrote: "O, my dear, let me beg of you not to spend any part of your precious time in reading romances or idle poems, which tend only to raise false ideas and impure images in the mind, and leave a vile tincture upon it."²

He dealt with hard and oppressive intolerance, with persons of delicate sensibilities and questioning minds, or with those seeking comfort and solace. He had no appreciation for historical institutions or tradition, if not based on the divine word, and consequently failed to develop a sense for the broader and humaner activities of life. His discipline was stern and his justice was not tempered by the quality of mercy. John Dunton writes in his *Diary*, March, 1686:

"Their laws for reformation of manners are very severe, yet but little regarded by the people, so at least as to make 'em better, or cause 'em to mend their manners.

"For being drunk, they either whip or impose a fine of five shillings: And yet notwithstanding this law, there are several of them so addicted to it that they begin to doubt whether it be a sin or no; and seldom go to bed without muddy brains.

"For cursing and swearing, they bore through the tongue with a hot iron.

"For kissing a woman in the street, though but in way of civil salute, whipping or a fine. . . .

"Scolds they gag, and set them at their own doors, for certain hours together, for all comers and goers to gaze at. Were this a law in England, and well executed, it would in a little time prove an effectual remedy to cure the noise that is in many women's heads.

"Stealing is punished with restoring four-fold, if able; if not, they are sold for some years, and so are poor debtors. I have not heard of many criminals of this sort. But for

² Hanscom, "*The Heart of the Puritan*," p. 263.

lying and cheating, they outvye Judas, and all the false other cheats in hell. . . .”

“Captain Kemble, a Bostonian, of some weight and fortune, sat two hours in the stocks on a wintry afternoon, 1656, doing penance ‘for lewd and unseemly behavior,’ which consisted in kissing his wife publicly on his front door step on the Lord’s Day, though he had just returned from a long voyage.”

The minister shared the sense of Sovereignty with the Deity. “Are you, sir, the person who serves here?” asked a stranger of a minister in a Massachusetts town. “I am, sir, the person who rules here.”

Stern as they were toward others, they were no less rigorous with themselves. To illustrate, I shall cite some of the resolutions which Jonathan Edwards composed in his early youth and carefully followed through life;

“Being sensible that I am unable to do anything without God’s help, I do humbly entreat him by His grace to enable me to keep these resolutions, so far as they are agreeable to His will, for Christ’s sake.

“*Remember to read over these resolutions once a week. . . .*

“5. *Resolved*, Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can. . . .

“7. *Resolved*, Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life. . . .

“10. *Resolved*, When I feel pain, to think of the pains of martyrdom and of hell. . . .

“18. *Resolved*, To live so, at all times, as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the Gospel, and another world. . . .

“38. *Resolved*, Never to utter anything that is sportive or matter of laughter on a Lord’s Day. . . .

“46. *Resolved*, Never to allow the least measure of any fretting or uneasiness at my father or mother.

“*Resolved*, To suffer no effects of it, so much as in the least

^s Hanscom, “The Heart of the Puritan,” pp. 23, 24.

alteration of speech, or motion of my eye; and to be especially careful of it with respect to any of our family. . . .

"51. *Resolved*, That I will act so, in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned. . . .

"58. *Resolved*, Not only to refrain from an air of dislike, fretfulness, and anger in conversation, but to exhibit an air of love, cheerfulness and benignity. . . .

"63. On the supposition that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at one time, who was properly a complete Christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true luster, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part and under whatever character viewed; *Resolved*, To act just as I would do, if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time. . . .

"70. Let there be something of benevolence in all that I speak. . . .

"Sabbath, Jan. 6 (1722/3), at night: Much concerned about the improvement of precious time. Intend to live in continual mortification, without ceasing, and even to weary myself thereby, as long as I am in this world, and never to expect or desire any worldly ease or pleasure."⁴

The Puritan congregations seemed to have little difficulty in maintaining their composure in listening to prayers continuing without interruption for two hours and sermons of three hours' length. Without a murmur they sat in mid-winter in their stoveless meeting houses, the tension unrelieved even by a "pitch-pipe" to start the psalm, much less by the inspiring peals of an organ. For the first church to be heated was the South Church, Boston, in 1783, and then an offended saint gave vent to his despair in denunciatory verse:

"Extinct the sacred fires of love,
Our zeal grown cold and dead;
In the house of God we fix a stove
To warm us in their stead."

⁴ Hanscom, pp. 270-271.

Their zeal for God's glory sometimes betrayed them into strange inconsistencies which we could no longer tolerate. Agnes Edward, in a volume on Cape Cod, quotes a clause from the will of John Bacon of Barnstable, who bequeathed to his wife for her lifetime the "use and improvement" of a slave-woman Dinah. "If, at the death of my wife, Dinah be still living, I desire my executor to sell her and to use and improve the money for which she is sold in the purchase of Bibles, and distribute them equally among my said wife's and my grandchildren."⁸

We shall close this already too extended discussion with a reference to the much-vaunted Puritan's contribution to democracy. Professor Charles M. Andrews, in *The Fathers of New England*, says: "By no stretch of the imagination can political conditions in any of the New England colonies be called popular or democratic." Robert Lynch, in an editorial in *The Christian Work*, October 9, 1920, says: "The seeds of democracy did not come from the Pilgrims." Yet he concedes that "there was no doubt something in the Pilgrim spirit, the logical outcome of which was democracy."

It must be conceded that the Puritans themselves were by no means avowed democrats, and for democracy's sake they did not turn Pilgrims to a new world. They were theocrats, and for the fulfilment of God's will in human life they ventured upon the high seas. Yet in their theocracy there were irrepressible democratic tendencies which in new conditions and favorable surroundings were bound to come into control. There was the sense of the ability and the right of initiative and original action in the congregation and in the community. While it was not supposed to inhere in the natural man, it was a gift of grace to the elect. Through them God wrought His will, not merely through civil or religious rulers. The Scrooby Covenant and the Mayflower Compact are evidences of the working of a new spirit, of a new conception of authority and privilege. They were not consciously pre-

⁸ For the above incidents I am indebted to an article by Agnes Repplier.

pared in the interest of democracy, but they were steps none the less toward an assertion by the people of their divine right to direct the affairs of church and state, under God, not without God and reliance upon themselves.

Thrown upon their own resources and separated from the political and ecclesiastical order of Europe, the New England pioneers quickly developed the sense of authority and responsibility as groups of people who had neither king nor bishop to guide them.

The Patent, brought to Plymouth by the ship *Fortune* in 1621, contained reference to authority given "by the consent of the greater part of them, to establish such laws and ordinances as are for their better government, and the same by such officer or officers as they shall by most voices elect and choose to put into execution." Here were enunciated clearly two basal principles of democracy—government based on consent of the governed and the administration of government by officers elected by a majority of the people.

Nowhere does one see more clearly democracy in its plastic stage in early colonial Puritanism than in the correspondence between Governor Winthrop and Mr. Hooker in 1638. Winthrop writes to Hooker as follows:

"I expostulated about the unwarrantableness and unsafeness of referring matter of counsel or judicature to the body of the people, *quia*, the best part is always the least, of that best part, the wiser part is always the lesser. The old law was choose ye our judges, and thou shalt bring the matter to the judge."⁶

Hooker's reply, now engraved on a tile in the floor of Connecticut's Memorial Hall:

"It is truth that counsel should be sought from counsellors, but the question yet is, who those should be. Reserving small matters, which fall in occasionally in common course, to a lower counsel, in matters of great consequence, which concern the common good, a general counsel, chosen by all, to

⁶ *Christian Work*, Sept. 11, 1920.

transact business, which concerns all, I conceive under favor, most suitable to rule and most safe for relief of the whole."

Hooker's answer contains the fundamental tenet of democracy, faith in the people's ability to rule themselves and to work for the good of all. It is the major premise of the Declaration of Independence and of the Gettysburg address. It is the spring of free institutions, a free church in a free state, and of government of the people, for the people and by the people. There was something in the Puritan spirit that engendered a faith that worked not only for divine sovereignty, but also for human freedom. "The meanest peasant," wrote J. R. Green, "once called of God, felt within him a strength that was stronger than the might of kings. In that mighty elevation of the masses, which was embodied in the Calvinistic doctrines of election and grace, lay the germ of the modern principles of equality."

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VII.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD A PENTECOSTAL CLIMAX.

HIRAM KING.

As to its existence, the fatherhood of man is contingent, not primary. It is contingent, however, not on direct creation, but on natural generation.

The human race is propagated, not by creative acts, but through generative function, and the fatherhood of man is automatic through child-birth.

The fatherhood of man is distinguished, through the generative process, by two essential features (1) the child is generated from the *person* of the father, and (2) the *nature* of the father is transmitted to the child.

These are the well-known conditions of the fatherhood of man and, under them, the birth of the race is in constant progress, their subsequent transition from babehood to manhood being promoted and safeguarded under parental guardianship.

Do, however, the natural conditions of the fatherhood of man parallel the spiritual conditions of the fatherhood of God? Is the fatherhood of man really the portraiture, in general outline, of the fatherhood of God? Analytical deduction, it will appear, warrants the affirmation of the interrogative proposition.

The fatherhood of God, like the fatherhood of man, does not originate in the sphere of direct creation. God does not create children by direct act either under the domestic roof-tree or in His spiritual kingdom. Of all the race, He thus created only Adam and Eve who were not children.

Fatherhood then being due to child-birth, it is certainly

plain that the direct creation of the first man and the first woman did not make God the Father of the race.

That God is the Father of the natural race can not be proven from the parable of the Prodigal Son, which does not teach that the Gentiles are prodigals, but relates wholly to the Jews. The question as to whom the younger son was meant to represent can be intelligently determined only from the *occasion* of the parable. The Pharisees and the Scribes had disapproved of the gracious attitude of Christ toward the "publicans and sinners," and He directed the parable against their intolerant attitude toward these social outcasts who had renounced their religious obligations, but had drawn near to Christ "for to hear him." They, it is plain, were the prodigals in the case. The younger son in the parable, therefore, represented, not the wandering Gentiles, but the apostate Jews.

The fatherhood of God is, in fact, spiritual, not natural, and is established in the spiritual regeneration of men which, like their natural generation, is consummated in child-birth. Men are thus "born anew," not at the hearthstone of the home, but at the font of the church.

Are, then, the children of God, like the children of men, generated from the *person* of their Father? Manifestly yes, since the person of the progenitor is the medium of the generative process, the progeny being the fruit of his loins. In natural generation, moreover, the nature of the progenitor is transmitted to the progeny. Men, though distinct from one another, are, nevertheless, duplicates of their natural ancestor as to being wholly human. Do they, then, in their birth of God, become divine? They partake of the "divine nature," but they remain also human, being the "new man."

Does the divine nature, however, become merely an addition to the moral equipment of men in their new birth, their human nature remaining unchanged; and do new-born men, therefore, lead a dual life, half human, half divine? The question has an essential bearing on this discussion and the

correct answer will point, as an index finger, to the key of the entire logical and exegetical situation, the Person of Christ.

No one would seriously contend that the divine nature, as transmitted in regeneration, comes only into *juxtaposition* with the human nature of the subjects of the new birth. Placing the two natures side by side could not, it is plain, effect the new birth. Nor would such a theory be in accord with reason and revelation. As personal being is reconstituted in the new birth, it is not even doubtful that the human and the divine constituents come into conjunctive union in personality.

Regeneration does not involve the transformation of the old humanity in its subjects, however, but it involves the generative transmission to them of the new humanity from God. The conclusion is, therefore, fully warranted that the new humanity, to be thus transmitted, must be *generic* in God. Moreover, as the new humanity is thus generic in God, it follows that God Himself is human as well as divine.

The logical outcome, that God as the Father of man in man's regeneration, is human as well as divine, plainly implies the *incarnation* , just as the "influence" of Neptune implied its existence and served for the computations of Leverrier of Paris which led to the discovery of the planet by Dr. Galle of Berlin.

Is logic, however, in accord with revelation? Do the Scriptures sanction the conclusion from the premise of man's regeneration that *God has become incarnate* ? Not only do the Scriptures assert that the Second Person of the Trinity "became flesh," but the four gospels are His biography—in part.

At the beginning of this paper, regeneration was assumed to be the sphere of God's paternal relation to man, because it is an obvious fact and, therefore, can not be disputed. Regeneration itself, however, is the function of Christ (through the mediation of the Holy Spirit) who is, therefore, the

Progenitor of the spiritual race, the "last Adam." The *ultimate* ground of the fatherhood of God is, accordingly, not the regeneration of man, but the Person of Christ.

Christ is the immediate author of man's regeneration, because it is in Him (the "Word," the economic expression of the Godhead) that God is incarnate. Inasmuch as His Person was constituted by the union of the divine and human natures, He is both divine and human. He is, moreover, not an ordinary member of the race aside even from His divinity. He, in fact, assumed not only human nature in the generative sense, but also the human order of life as such. He thus became the spiritual Progenitor of man, and the spiritual race was potential in Him at His birth, just as the natural race was potential in Adam at his creation.

The new-born humanity is an order of life quite as much as is the natural humanity. In each, law and principle are regnant. The sole medium of propagation in both orders of life, moreover, is the generative function. Natural humanity can be propagated only in generation from men; spiritual humanity can be propagated only in generation from God.

As, now, the regenerative function is not in the being of God as absolutely divine, but in the Person of Christ which is human and divine, and as the Person of Christ was constituted only at His birth of Mary, it follows conclusively that *the new birth of man was quite impossible prior to the Christian era.*

As, however, the generations under the Old Covenant were God's people, were they not also His children? it may be asked. As well might Cain have been born prior to the creation of the "first man, Adam," as a child of God prior to the birth of Christ the "last Adam." The law of cause and effect is the necessary order in the spiritual realm as well as in the physical universe. Revelation, like nature, is *orderly*, and the order of procedure in either sphere is from cause to effect. As, moreover, the effect is *produced* by the cause, the priority of the cause is plainly indispensable and, therefore,

invariable. As touching the origination of the natural universe, it is evident that the sequence was from cause to effect, since "God created the heaven and the earth." As the new creation also was produced, it is an effect quite as plainly as the natural creation itself, and the priority of its cause, in the Person of Christ, can not be doubtful.

Logic thus concludes that the new birth of man could not, in the nature of the case, be consummated prior to the incarnation. Are the deductions of logic, however, sanctioned by revelation? Yes.

The Jews in the time of Christ were "an holy people," as their forefathers had been. They observed the Old Covenant ordinances and enjoyed its grace. Their religious status was the highest attainable prior to the incarnation, and they were challenged by the higher relation in Christ on the basis of their *consecration to Jehovah*. Relative to the Messiah's advent, they were, in fact, called "his own" people. Were they, however, regarded as children of God in their transition from Judaism to Christianity? No, as will appear from the following considerations:

1. The message of God to the Jews, borne by John the Baptist, was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The burden of the message was (1) that the repentance of the Jews was a necessary preliminary to their entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and (2) that the kingdom of heaven was on the eve of being established. It requires only a bit of every-day reasoning to know that the Jews, although "the chosen people," and "a peculiar people," could not have been the "new man" for fifteen centuries prior to the establishment of the kingdom of heaven.

2. Christ asserted to Nicodemus that man's admission to New Covenant relations was wholly conditioned on his *new birth*. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born anew he can not see the kingdom of God," He asseverated, enlightening His interviewer subsequently as to the nature of the new birth by the explanatory declaration,

"Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." If, therefore, the Christian inquirer is told that the people under the Old Covenant were "born anew," he also, like this "teacher of Israel," may well ask in perplexity, "How can these things be?" since the new birth, like the natural birth, can not be repeated.

3. St. John writes that Christ gave those who "received him" the "right to become the children of God." These primitive believers were not only Jews, but they were the best Jews, and yet they were "born" of God only after the advent of Christ.

4. St. Paul writes that Christ broke down the "middle wall of partition" between Jew and Gentile that He might "create in himself of the twain one new man." The origin of the new humanity is here attributed, not to Moses, but to Christ, in whose assumption of human nature the distinction of Jew and Gentile was lost in the new creation. As Christ is the Author of the new race, the new birth could not possibly have preceded His own birth.

Although the Person of Christ is the source of the spiritual race, the actual regenerator is, not Christ, but the Holy Spirit. The advent of the Third Person of the Trinity was as necessary for man's *personal* regeneration as the advent of the Second Person of the Trinity was necessary for the new creation itself. It is, in fact, the function, not of Christ, but of the Holy Spirit, to consummate the new birth. The order of the revelation for the new birth of man was (1) the birth, the ministry and the death of Christ, (2) the glorification of Christ, and (3) the effusion of the Holy Spirit. These were not unconnected events, but they were the stages of revelation in its historical development, and the order of sequence could not have been different. The first stage developed into the second stage, which was the exaltation of Christ. The second stage developed into the third stage, which is the sphere of the regeneration of man. The *practical* climax of revelation was, therefore, not the birth of Christ, but the gift of the

Holy Spirit. At Christmas men were *spectators* of the divine benevolence; at Pentecost they became its *subjects*.

That the effusion of the Holy Spirit *was* the normal outcome of the ascension of Christ and could, therefore, not have preceded that event, is not left in doubt. "For the spirit was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified," is proof in explicit terms, by St. John, that the "pouring forth" of the Holy Spirit was contingent on the exaltation of Christ. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send him unto you," is the declaration of Christ Himself, to the effect that the final event in the evolution of Messianic revelation to its climax in the new birth of man, and therefore the fatherhood of God, could not precede His ascension. He, moreover, instructed the apostles to wait at Jerusalem "for the promise of the Father," the crowning event of baptism "with the Holy Ghost."

Christ did not "go away" in His ascension as into retirement, however, and "send" the Holy Spirit as His *successor*. His ascension was not the interruption of His advent, but it was His emergence from natural conditions through the *spiritualization of His Person*. His ascension was not His withdrawal from the world, but it was the culmination of His advent in Pentecost. Indeed, the incarnation, the life-union of God and man in His Person, made His presence with men perpetual. "Lo, I am with you alway," He Himself declares.

The exaltation of Christ was thus His transition into the spiritual order, and it is the function of the Holy Spirit to regenerate men from His Person.

The sum of the matter is that revelation became trinitarian at Pentecost and, therefore, truly historical. The supernatural display at the effusion of the Holy Spirit signalized not His isolated advent, but the functional revelation of the Economic Trinity, and the initiatory Christian rite has thenceforth been performed at the sacred font "in the name

of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit" to make it the "washing of regeneration."

The Christian harvest feast thus superseded the Jewish Pentecost, and the new economy, which it inaugurated, is in sharpest contrast with the old. "The day of the first fruits" of field and vineyard changed character as completely at the advent of the Holy Spirit as did the Passover on the eve of Calvary. It became, in fact, the day of the first fruits of the new creation with *men* for grain, and when the day was done the "laborers" had gathered in three thousand sheaves from "the fields" that were "white already unto harvest." These "first fruits" of the world's spiritual harvest were manifestly the first-born children of God on earth, and the fatherhood of God was established automatically with their spiritual generation.

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VIII.

DID JESUS INTEND TO INSTITUTE THE LORD'S SUPPER AS A PERPETUAL MEMORIAL?

GUSTAV R. POETTER.

The question under consideration seems to take it for granted that Jesus instituted the Lord's Supper, but intimates that there may be some doubt as to whether it was to be a perpetual memorial. This is not a new idea, of course, to the critics of the New Testament. Many do not hesitate to maintain that the command to repeat what was done at the Last Supper may not be original; and some are quite ready even to deny that Jesus instituted the Supper, declaring that Paul, the so-called second founder of Christianity, introduced this religious ordinance. It may be noted in passing that Ralph Waldo Emerson resigned his pastorate in Boston in 1832 because he was led to believe that Jesus did not intend to institute the Lord's Supper as a perpetual memorial. His congregation, of course, refused to follow him in his views, which he used as an occasion of relinquishing the ministry, in which he had labored but four years, and to which he never returned.

Our Church in the Heidelberg Catechism teaches that Jesus instituted the Last Supper as a sacrament for perpetual memory. It finds this teaching in the Synoptics as well as in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. The fact that Matthew and Mark fail to record that the Lord would have this Supper done in his memory, and that John's gospel omits the narrative of the institution, and that Luke's and Paul's descriptions are more or less alike, seems to have received but little consideration. Besides, our Church does not teach in her confession of faith that the Lord's Supper is merely a memorial to be perpetually recalled. She insists that the

bare memory of that never-to-be-forgotten night is not sufficient, but that the celebration is a spiritual feast at which Jesus is present spiritually to those who, believing in Him, eat the bread and drink the wine. What, then, shall we say when criticism of the New Testament will even deny that the Lord instituted the Last Supper and that it is to be a perpetual memorial? It may be interesting to see on what grounds the critics are willing and ready to make such statements which may seem radical and uncalled for by those who cherish and cling to old forms of belief.

Professor Percy Gardner suggests that the Supper was introduced by Paul. Doubtless he comes to this conclusion because of the difficulties in the Synoptic records and because of the fact that John's gospel omits the record of the institution and because Luke's description is held to be Pauline even by such conservative scholars as Westcott and Hort. But McGiffert rightly suggests, in this connection, that "it is inconceivable that the Jewish wing of the Church would have taken it up had it originated with him. Its general prevalence at an early day in all parts of the Church can be accounted for only on the assumption that it was pre-Pauline." And that in part we believe will be acknowledged as a correct observation.

But another critic makes the Eucharist due not to Christ's spiritual genius, but to Paul's! And we wonder why, if we cherish the generally accepted traditional view, taught in the Church at large? In so doing, the critic, with this radical view, follows the reconstruction of the synoptic passages made by M. Loisy. According to Loisy, the original narrative in our synoptic gospels is contained in the words concerning the cup which precede the eucharistic passage in Luke's text, which is as follows: "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer: for I say unto you, I shall not eat it until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God. And he received a cup, and when he had given thanks, he said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves: for I say

unto you, I shall not drink from henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come." The record as continued in the next two verses is due to Pauline interpolation: "And he took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, This is my body which is given you; this do in remembrance of me. And the cup in like manner after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you." Paul is here held responsible for putting into our Lord's institution of the Supper: "Take, eat, this is my body," "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, which is shed for you," and "This do in remembrance of me." But how did Paul come to introduce, "Take, eat, this is my body"? Doubtless it was because of the tradition about the Lord's way of breaking bread which gave to Paul the pregnant idea that when the Lord took bread and blessed and brake it that last time, he took it, held it, used it, as the body he was about to offer for them. And we are interested to know, too, how Paul may have been led to say, "This do in remembrance of me." Perhaps the disciples or apostles may not have repeated to Paul any such words, but the words which were actually used easily suggested a moment that the Christian could and would make permanent. The Lord's own character and the unforgettable circumstances of the Last Supper may well have taught those who witnessed it to see a perpetual significance of some sort in the words: "I say unto you, I will no more drink of it till I drink it new in the kingdom of God."

Again it is maintained that the identification of the bread and wine with the body and blood of sacrifice recalls the worship of the Temple. And Jewish and Pauline also is the idea of the "new covenant." For this is introduced in the third and fourth chapters of Galatians, but it is in Hebrews that the theme of the new covenant in the blood of Christ is developed. And it can not be doubted that Paul was influenced by the ideas recorded in Hebrews, if you refer to

1 Corinthians 11:23-26. Now, the idea of a new covenant between God and man, so conspicuous in Paul and in Hebrews, is not to be found in the Synoptics except in the eucharistic passages, and is equally absent in Acts. It must, therefore, be realized that the passage in Corinthians and the eucharistic passages in the gospels introduce ideas which are otherwise new to the Synoptics, and which are not utilized even in Johannine narrative. Hence we are led to the conclusion that it is to Paul we owe an interpretation of the words and actions of the Last Supper which was hidden from the disciples who were present. And more than that, that the Eucharist, marvelous in its simplicity and majesty, which has survived every social and religious upheaval for two thousand years, is due not to Christ's spiritual genius, but to Paul's. Indeed, it may be held that it represents an inspired interpretation of the Lord's meaning.

But we may add McGiffert's view and may find it more appealing. He maintains that it is not absolutely certain that Jesus himself actually instituted such a Supper and directed his disciples to eat and drink in remembrance of Him. His reasons are these: Jesus expected to return at an early day and was therefore hardly concerned for the preservation of his memory. Again, it is a notable fact that neither Matthew nor Mark records such a command, while the passage in which it occurs in Luke is omitted in the oldest manuscripts and is regarded as an interpolation by Westcott and Hort. But then he adds: "There can be no doubt that Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples, as recorded in all three of the Synoptic Gospels, and that he said of the bread which he broke and gave to his companions, "This is my body," and of the wine which he gave to them to drink, "This is my blood of the covenant which is shed for many," *and that he did it with a reference to his approaching death.* But more than this our sources hardly warrant us in asserting positively. "But what about the subtle and abstruse doctrines which have been read into this simple rite?" Mc-

Giffert rightly thinks that they do Jesus a great injustice and they take from the scene all its beautiful naturalness. For Jesus is simply foretelling his death and endeavoring to impart to his disciples something of that divine trust and calmness with which he approached it. But why did the disciples, at any rate, continue to do this in remembrance of Jesus? Simply because, as our distinguished authority maintains, when, after His death, they came together and ate bread and drank wine, they could not fail to recall the solemn moment in which Jesus had broken bread in their presence, and with a reference to His impending death had pronounced the bread His body and the wine His blood; and remembering that scene, their eating and drinking together must inevitably, whether with or without command from Him, have taken the character of a memorial feast, in which they looked back to His death, as He had looked forward to it. So he concludes that "it can hardly be doubted . . . that it was believed, at any rate, at an early day, if not from the beginning, in the church of Jerusalem, that Jesus had commanded them to do as they actually were doing when they ate and drank together."

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